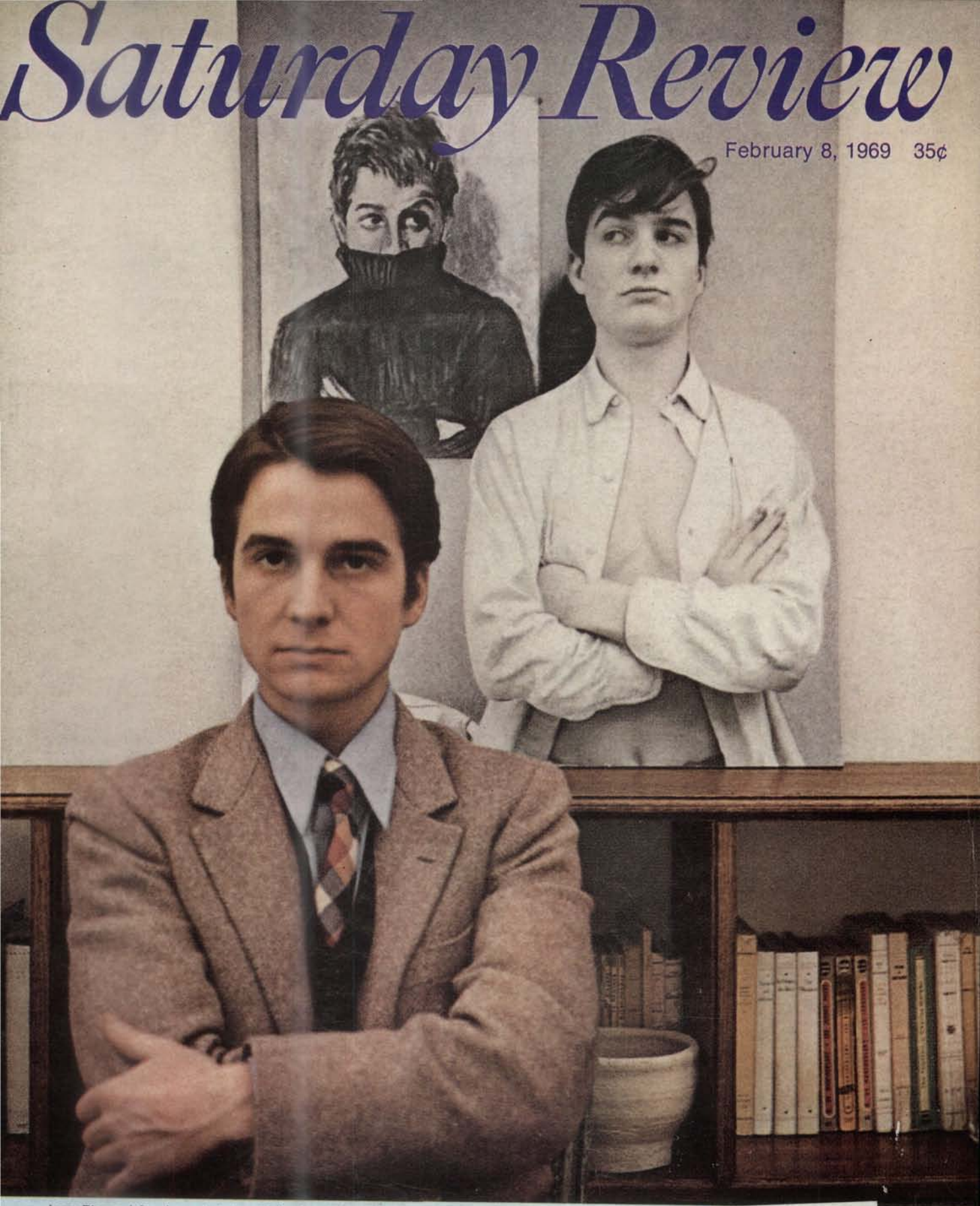
Saturday Review

February 8, 1969 35¢



Jean-Pierre Léaud as Antoine Doinel in "Stolen Kisses," sequel to F

STEINBECK: THE SHAPE

By Peter Shaw

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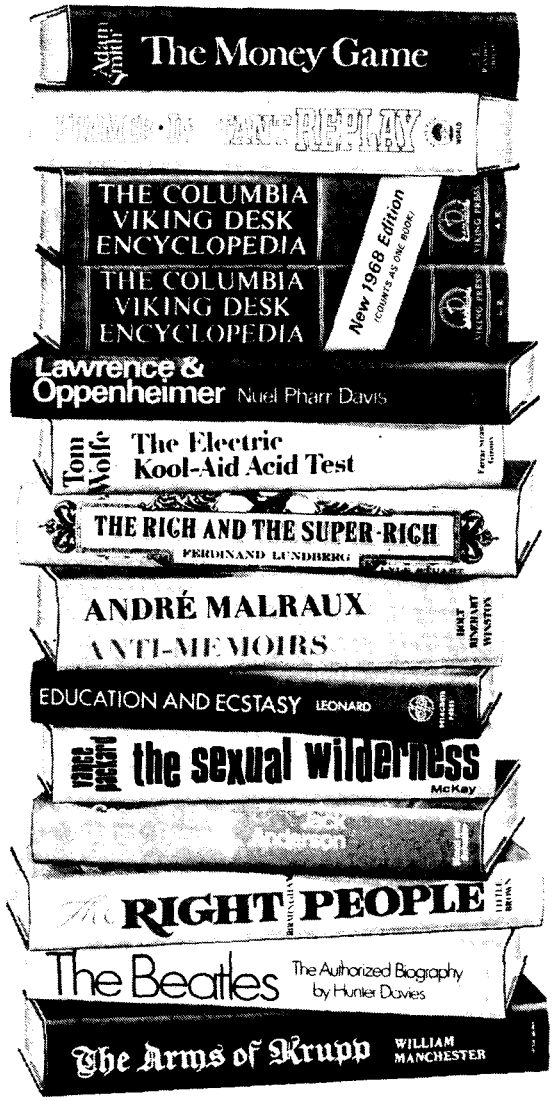

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Good afternoon, this is your pilot. Well, maybe not your actual, up-front pilot; more like the fifth assistant co-pilot and lay navigator, the one who sits back there in an aisle seat, flying by the seat of his pants, second guessing every maneuver, and refusing to relax. I don't really get airborne until you see the whites of my knuckles.

One of my other in-flight pastimes, in addition to terror, is reading about aviation. My favorite author is also one of the most valuable writers dealing with the subject, Robert Serling. First, I read his *The Probable Cause*, an instructive and grimly compelling book about the causes of air crashes. Next, I liked his *The Electra Story*, a good book about one of my favorite airplanes, which developed trouble for a time. At Doubleday, we wanted to increase Serling's audience and encouraged him to write fiction, which he did with a novel that had a pleasing sale, *The Left Seat*, and then with one which we knew meant bestseller from the moment he told us the title: *The President's Plane is Missing*.

Now, Serling has produced a full-fledged (nonfiction) book, LOUD AND CLEAR, which answers the question that absorbs me as I try to concentrate on reading in planes: "Are the jets really safe?" Serling's answer is reassuring to me because he sweeps nothing under the rug. He respects my intelligence and my fears and gives all the facts. His answer is not glib, but one that he arrives at after painstaking—and fascinating—research and case histories.

As he puts it, if you and your wife (or husband) fly separately, you'd be better off going to the airport in separate cars and then flying on the same plane.

Anyhow, I'm finding the book absorbing and think that you will, too. Look for me. You'll find me glued to the pages, knees braced, back in Tourist, hoping the stewardess will arrive any moment and offer me a bourbon and a reassuring glimpse of her knees.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

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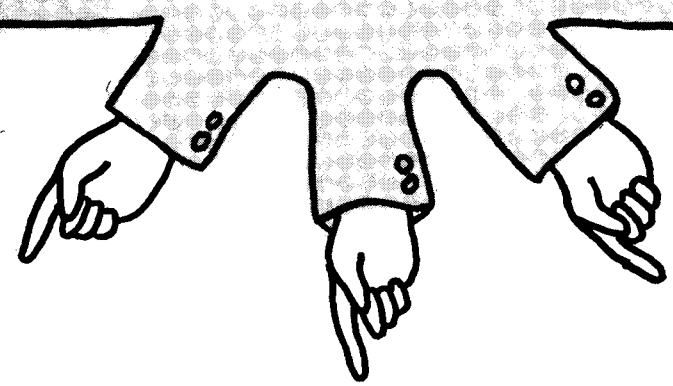

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IF I NEVER see another thigh again as long as I live it'll be all right with me. Is that what they've been hiding all these years? Big deal!

Skirts have come a far furlong up the skeletal ladder. It was many years ago, I remember dimly, when a naughty girl clad in the long folds of her maidenly raiment permitted a phalange to peek. Then one day a fast woman showed a tarsus. Men began to rubberneck and nudge each other and say, "I love my wife, but oh you kid!"

Soon after, in 1920, Congress wrote an amendment to the Constitution declaring: "The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any state on account of sex."

"Well," said the girls, "if that's what Congress wants!" So the flappers obliged by raising their skirts to exhibit a fibula. And the cake-eaters shouted in delight "Bravo, bravo," and "Hear, hear."

The girls misunderstood "Hear, hear" for "Higher, higher." And so skirts were obligingly heightened to show a tibia. And for many years fashion fluctuated between fibula and tibia. Men were afire. And girls began to smoke. "It's better than a smoker," said the boys, as if they were seated in what was known as the bald-headed row in a girlie show.

And the ladies played it to the hilt for these men—the hilt having become the patella. And for some years the skirt hovered at the patella, dropping one season to the tibia, then back to the patella again. Women sat before their spinning wheels, one evening raising a hem, the next evening lowering it.

All this I accepted in good but bemused grace. Now it's the mini, and I walk behind girls who exhibit not only a popliteal fossa but plenty of femur. They are again playing to the boys, who by now cannot by any stretch of the imagination be considered the bald-headed row.

OK. Are you still with me? Don't get me wrong. I don't want you to think that I thought I could make you think that I'm not enjoying it. Then, you may ask, why was I plaintively saying that if I never see another thigh again it will be all right with me? I'll tell you why. I resent seeing the girls, in order to accommodate the mini-skirts, shortening their mink coats. That's why.

Or any coat, for that matter. But mink particularly. A mink is a coat of fur that women have always dreamed of owning one day—luxurious in its enfolding length against the bitter cold of winter. A length that protects everything from ankle to leg to knee to thigh. And especially the popliteal fossa.

Shortening a mink coat is like cutting off two inches of a hundred dollar bill because it doesn't fit into a new billfold. It's a sin. If God had wanted a mink coat to be short, He could have made a mink's pelt knee-length.

I've dwelt at some length—some pleasurable length I must add—on the esthetical; now for the practical. After months of all that dazzling display of feminine epidermis, shouldn't there be a three-month breather for the male? In the winter shouldn't all that curvature be contained under wraps? Even in a burlesque show there are comedy sketches between the take-it-off numbers.

Any actor will tell you that if he is seen too often as a guest on too many TV shows he will lose his welcome. And we all know that any woman who dons a mink automatically becomes an actress. Taking a page from show biz, and in spite of the dictates of fashion, a woman bundled in a mink to protect herself from the icy winds of zero weather and developing pneumonia from exposure, is also protecting herself against man's developing boredom with overexposure. 'Tis the season not to take-it-off, but to hide-it-away and come back in the spring with a whole new act.

But I realize this treatise is an exercise in futility. No woman is going to lengthen anything—the mini-skirt will still measure about two hands above the knee. And mink coats will follow upward and onward. It isn't so bad when they're standing and walking. But when they sit, it's the fringe benefits that get me.

The question is: If they insist on exhibiting fibulae and patellae and popliteal fossae and femora, can acetabula be far behind?

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Post-Impressionist Wives

Soot, housedust, and tar didn't go far
With implacably bathing Madame Bonnard;
Her yellowish skin has immortally been
Turned mauve by the tints she was seen floating in.

Prim, pensive, and wan, Madame Cézanne
Posed with her purplish clothes oddly on;
Tipped slightly askew, and outlined in blue,
She seems to be hearing, "Stop moving, damn you!"

All lilac and cream and sweet self-esteem,
Madame Renoir made sheer daylight dream;
In boas of air, without underwear,
She smiles through the brushstrokes at someone still there.

—JOHN UPDIKE.

Leonardo in Times Square

I AM HAPPY to note that the Renaissance Man is still with us. For that we may thank *The New York Times*. If it weren't for the *Times* the Renaissance Man would pass away. Even so, I find myself getting anxious when weeks and months elapse with no sign of the advent of a new one.

I really shouldn't be concerned because, as it happens, every time I start worrying, one pops up in the *Times* among the girdle and whiskey advertisements.

For a while I was afraid that A Man for All Seasons would replace the Renaissance Man. A Man for All Seasons kept pushing his way into the *Times* news columns, the sports pages, the financial and business section, the women's page, the cultural pages, and even into the cooking column. But A Man for All Seasons overdid it when he began taking over other newspapers and the weekly news magazines.

Though my confidence in the *Times* never wavers, the paper does like to keep me in suspense, causing me to wonder now and then if it might not be too preoccupied with *Hair* and *Futz* and LeRoi Jones and similar cultural institutions to keep its mind on the Renaissance Man situation. If the *Times* quit on me, I'd have no place to go. I certainly could not depend on United Press International or the New York *Post*. Renaissance Men might be sprouting all over the country, but they would go unnoticed unless the *Times* recognized them.

How the *Times* picks a Renaissance Man is a mystery to me. I am aware that the paper has the largest staff of reporters, editors, fashion writers, food samplers, and apprentice critics in the world. I also know that the *Times* fights a losing battle daily and Sunday to get rid of such badly worn words and phrases as "abrasive" and "spectrum," "eroded," "facet," "charisma," and "searing"; and "honing their minds."

(The layman can scarcely comprehend the problems of a paper like the *Times*. In the spring of 1968, for example, the word "wiry" haunted the *Times* obituary columns. Never in so short a time did so many wiry men die. Wiry male readers of the obit page must have felt edgy. I know that I did and I'm not wiry.)

A curious thing about the Renaissance Man is that, having been identified by the *Times*, he is never again referred to by his title. His friends, I suppose, go on calling him a Renaissance Man, but the *Times* doesn't. This makes it hard to keep track of Renaissance Men, and a reader who misses one issue of the paper may therefore be unaware that the *Times* has named a new one. Of course, one could go to the public library and consult the microfilm.

Despite my familiarity with Burckhardt and other authorities, my concept of a Renaissance Man is vague. Ralph Roeder wrote a book called *The Man of the Renaissance* in the early 1930s and constructed his story around the lives of Savonarola, Castiglione, Machiavelli, and Aretino, arguing that these four illustrated four phases of the moral life of their age and "taken together composed the Renaissance man."

Roeder named many other personages of the time. My own list is long and includes popes, painters, engineers, architects, poets, and sculptors — Leonardo and Pico della Mirandola, Clement VII, the Medicis and Gonzagas, *condottieri*,

Elga Andersen, REALITES No. 211, Pg. 90

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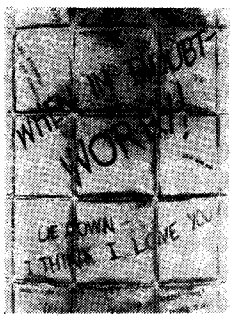

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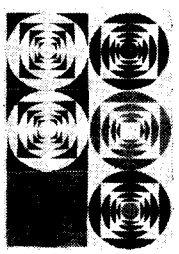

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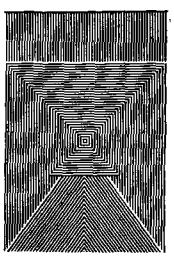

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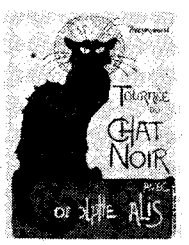

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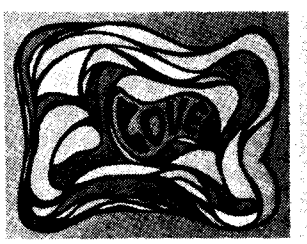

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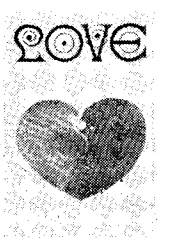

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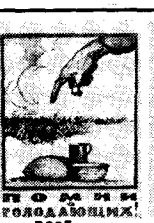

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P906. JOIN THE RED CAVALRY. In red & green on white.
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P908. HELP! — ENLIST IN THE RANKS OF MOPR. In red & brown on white.
P909. MAY DAY 1920. In red, red-brown, brown.
P910. HELP! In black on white.
P911. THE ENEMY WANTS TO TAKE MOSCOW, THE HEART OF SOVIET RUSSIA. THE ENEMY MUST BE DESTROYED—FORWARD COMRADES! In black & gold on white.
P912. WRANGEL IS STILL ALIVE! FINISH HIM OFF WITHOUT MERCY. In red & black on white.
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P914. THE FINAL HOUR. In full color.

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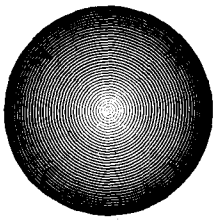

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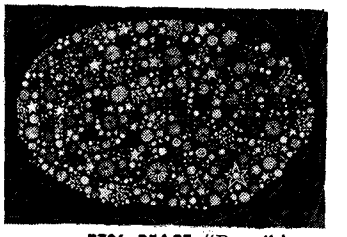

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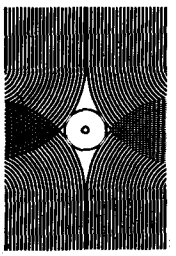

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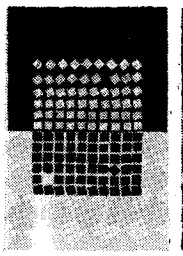

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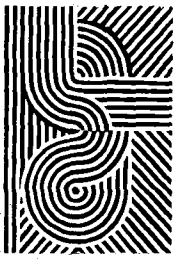

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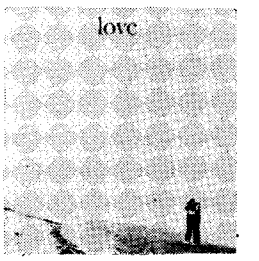

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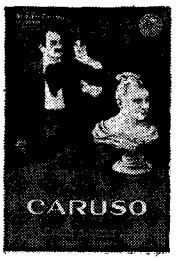

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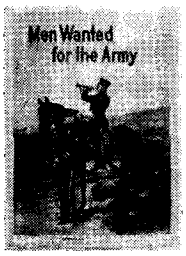

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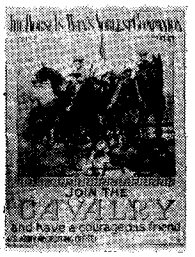

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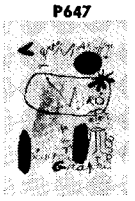

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vintners, Venetian doges, Michelangelo, Donatello, Fra Angelico, goldsmiths, silversmiths, Raphael, Botticelli, Bramante, and Mino, the Raphael of sculpture; geographers, explorers, and diggers in the forums; the Borgias, Estes, Sforzas, Malatestas, and Viscontis, and the noble and ignoble families of Rome.

They all came back to me in a rush not long ago when I saw that the *Times* had picked a new Renaissance Man. This one had just been appointed president of Sarah Lawrence College, a small institution in a New York suburb. The new Leonardo, as the *Times* called him, was an IBM automation expert, a mathematician, and author of *Education in Business and Industry.*

The new Renaissance Man is Charles R. DeCarlo. He is forty-seven. "He can talk about Pascal as if he were his college roommate, sing whole stretches of your favorite opera, and then tell you what's happening to the debenture rate in Boston," one of his friends told the *Times.* He is also a "fantastic gourmet cook" who once made "an incredible soufflé" out of potato chips, bits of ham, and an avocado, mixed with eggs and cornflakes.

Blaise Pascal was a seventeenth-century man; opera was a post-Renaissance invention, and there was no Boston, Massachusetts, when the Medicis were in the banking business. I'm not sure about that soufflé; but in Florence, there is a small café for American tourists that advertises "corn flex" on its sidewalk menu. —JOHN FERRIS.

WIT TWISTER #98

By ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

King _ _ _ _ loved to hunt
and ride,

Or _ _ _ _, on rainy days,
inside.

His favorite _ _ _ _ ate near
his table;

An extra throne was in the stable.

(*Answer on page* 30)

Trade Winds

James F. Fixx

My comment, back in December, on the correct pronunciations of *protest* the noun and *protest* the verb struck a responsive chord in several readers who urged me to do battle against other everyday barbarisms.

Grace W. Snyder of Churchville, New York, wrote: "Do something about people who say they 'feel badly.' Though they'd never say they 'felt happily' or 'felt proudly,' for some reason they will say they 'feel badly.'"

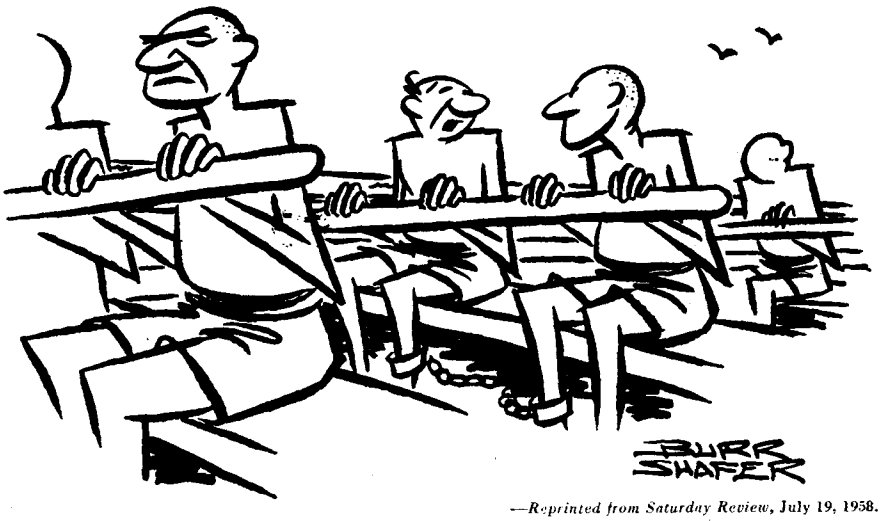
And Dorothy Biagini, M.D., of Redlands, California, wrote to say: "Bravo! Now will you please do the same for the use of *presently* when 'at this moment' is meant. I practiced psychiatry for thirty-five years and nothing I learned has helped to alleviate my irritability when my ear is jarred. . . ."

Nothing wrong with *your* mental health, Dr. Biagini. The time to start worrying is when usages like that *don't* make you irritable.

Now that the Paris negotiators have finally managed to figure out just where they're all going to sit, a dramatic behind-the-scenes story can at last be revealed. This is the story of the gallant moral support provided by *SR* readers who, in response to this column's suggestion of January 11, dropped everything to send in their ideas on how to solve the seating impasse. Their letters, filled with humor, ingenuity, and some outspoken comments, have come from every corner of the country. (They are, in fact, still pouring in as I write this, and there is no sign of a letup.)

From Bethesda, Maryland, Walter G. Leight, who describes himself as a "mathematically trained problem-solver" by both vocation and avocation, sent an imaginative plan for a simple round table—but one bisected by numerous lines of various colors. The negotiators are to wear colored glasses that let them see only the lines that accord with their view of things. "The contretemps arises when at least one party refuses to relinquish his view of matters," explains Mr. Leight. "The best solution, then, would seem to be one which permits each party to see the table reflect his own perspective."

Mrs. B. L. Coggins of Nantucket, Massachusetts, suggested two tables, constructed in the shapes of the Oriental symbols for the yin and yang—"a continuous reminder to all the parties of the unity of any two opposing forces." Rita Li Castri of Jamaica Estates, New York, also cast her vote for a round table ("since most diplomatic discussions tend to be circular anyhow"), but she'd like to see its perimeter fitted with conveyor belts on which seats would be mounted. "In this way," the system's inventor writes, "no delegation would be at the head of the table, and at no time would any delegation be responsible for its own movement or the resulting chaos." Carolyn C. Hall of Baltimore made a similar suggestion but offered a slightly different reason: "It would make them dizzy enough to agree to almost anything, thereby bringing the peace talks to a swift and happy conclusion." And Rebecca Bartlett of New York City offered a plan for a two-tiered table complicated enough to keep the negotiators in a



—*Reprinted from Saturday Review,* July 19, 1958.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH
"No, I didn't commit any crime—they just gave me an aptitude test."

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healthy state of bewilderment over just who was where and what it all meant.

Two readers—Melissa Mather of Windsor, Vermont, and J. Stanley Lewis of Ormond Beach, Florida—were, unbeknownst to each other, thinking the same thoughts at the same time. Each suggested that the negotiators should be seated on a Ferris wheel and that the wheel should not be stopped until agreement were reached. Miss Mather also offered an additional contribution to international amity: "In case of prolonged inability to come to agreement, the conference wheel could be set to increase its speed of rotation, so that if breakdown of communication should occur the delegates could be dumped out on their heads."

And, speaking of coincidences, no fewer than four readers suggested a conference table in the shape of what is known to mathematicians as a Moebius strip. (You can make one yourself by cutting a long strip of paper, giving one end a half-turn, and pasting the two ends together.) The four—Joseph McLaughlin of New Philadelphia, Ohio, John Bertera of Melvindale, Michigan, Arthur W. Reynolds of Harpers Ferry, West Virginia, and Nealus W. Wheeler, Jr., of Ann Arbor, Michigan—all had much the same idea. As Mr. Bertera, who enclosed a sample Moebius strip, put it, "If you run your finger along one edge of this strip of paper you will find that the front is the back and the top is the bottom, etc. Thus, if you sit on one side you sit on all sides. This should make everyone happy."

Not everyone, however, found the table hassle something to laugh at. Paul Somerson of Wyncote, Pennsylvania, suggested that "the participants should sit around a large, well-calligraphed table of war casualties." Mrs. Lita Nelson of Watertown, Massachusetts, said the table ought to be five-sided—the empty fifth side symbolizing "the men who died while the dickering over table shape and other inanities proceeded in its leisurely fashion." Paul W. Sedler of Murray, Kentucky, suggested that nothing could be more appropriate than a high chair. And Donald K. Fry of Charlottesville, Virginia, said there shouldn't be any table at all. "If the talks were held standing up," he wrote, "surely the negotiators would tire of the whole business and draw the conference to a speedy close."

I suspect the time is going to come, many wearying months from now, when someone will wish he'd listened a bit more closely to that sort of common sense.

Tip of the week: For some fascinating glimpses into politics behind the scenes, get David Halberstam's new book, *The Unfinished Odyssey of Robert Kennedy* (see page 29). I was especially interested in Halberstam's descriptions of the advice Kennedy got and the advice he acted on. Once, for example, during his wearying campaign for the Presidential nomination, he asked a friend whether all the speeches and the handshaking were really worth it. Couldn't it, he asked, all be done on television? No, replied his aide Dick Goodwin. "You have to go out there and do it all and you have to show that you don't have contempt for them, that you value who they are."

And then someone else, unidentified in Mr. Halberstam's book, said: "You could afford to do more by television if you weren't rich. You're too rich not to get out there and mix."

That, as we know, was advice that Senator Kennedy didn't argue with.

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MARC CONNELLY:
VOICES OFFSTAGE

Bernard Shaw's . . . main course . . . was, a mixture of peas, potatoes, and nuts, perhaps, under a whitish cream sauce. The soft food had enabled Shaw to do almost all the talking since we arrived. I wondered if I had found a secondary reason for his vegetarianism.

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Saturday Review
February 8, 1969

Peter Shaw

STEINBECK: The Shape of a Career

"His great theme was the relationship between man and his environment. If he overcomplicated this theme after 1940, he treated it in his books of the 1930s with a depth of feeling for the mysteries of existence that will stand as a permanent achievement."

"I NEVER wrote two books alike," John Steinbeck said, and the diversity of his very large literary output was the key both to his success as a writer and his failure to achieve greatness in the eyes of his contemporaries. "He seems always to be a promising apprentice," wrote Alfred Kazin in 1945, about halfway through Steinbeck's writing career, and the observation still seemed apt when applied to his last novel, *The Winter of Our Discontent*, which was yet another of his departures in subject and style.

But when one begins to talk about the shape of a career rather than about single books, one is talking about a major writer. Steinbeck used to complain that reviewers said each new book of his showed a falling-off from his previous one, yet they never specified the height from which his apparently steady decline had begun. What he was noticing was the special kind of concern for a grand design that readers feel when they pick up the book of a writer whose career seems in itself to be a comment on the times.

Like most of the major writers in a modern time of unbelief, Steinbeck had a private philosophy and a private symbology. The philosophy, which Edmund Wilson had found implicit in Steinbeck's books as early as 1940, was being worked out by Steinbeck during that same year in *Sea of Cortez*, a collaboration with his friend Edward Ricketts. The book, consisting largely of their joint diary of a sailing trip off Southern California to collect marine specimens (Rickett's profession), took each day's observations of sea life as an occasion for the drawing of biologic parallels with human society. The most striking parallel for Steinbeck was the seeming existence of a group instinct in man similar to that found in schools of fish and colonies of marine fauna. Man, Steinbeck suggested—and he had made a similar observation in 1936 in his novel *In Dubious Battle*—could be regarded as a group phenomenon as well as an individual one. Accordingly, it might be possible to discover more about an individual by studying his behavior as it related to the group than by studying him in isolation. This approach to humankind, stated here in its simplest terms, was an especially useful one for a writer with Steinbeck's strong feeling for the environment, for saga, and for group situations.

YET Steinbeck was attacked for his philosophy where other moderns with far less coherent private systems were not—one thinks of Yeats's mysticism in *A Vision*, Robert Graves's in *The White Goddess*, and the mysterious blood consciousness of D. H. Lawrence. The reason for the attacks on Steinbeck's system and for much of the concern over his career was that so many of his books dealt with the contemporary situation, which was one of crisis. Quite simply, in the 1930s Steinbeck wrote about the Depression, and in the 1940s he wrote about the war. In those books that were not about these two great historical crises, everyone sensed that Steinbeck was pointedly refraining from dealing with them, with the result that even his non-social works were felt in much the same way as *The Grapes of Wrath*.

Coming at the beginning of the war, therefore, *Sea of Cortez* was deeply resented by many who felt that its coolly scientific examination of the human species—with its suggestion that war was simply an aberration to be taken into consideration only for the purpose of judging the likelihood of the survival of the species—was an abandonment of Steinbeck's commitments of the 1930s. Then, when *The Moon Is Down* appeared in 1942, that parable of resistance to the Nazis became a hotly contested subject. Steinbeck later said that he had been excoriated for making his Nazis human. It seemed to him that since they were eventually defeated just as the book had predicted, he had been proved right in his refusal not to paint them as superhuman monsters just to satisfy the demands of propaganda.

Nevertheless there was something disconcerting about the ideas in this

Peter Shaw is associate editor of *Commentary* magazine.

—*Karsh, Ottawa.*

John Steinbeck—"He recorded something of the special tone of our century."

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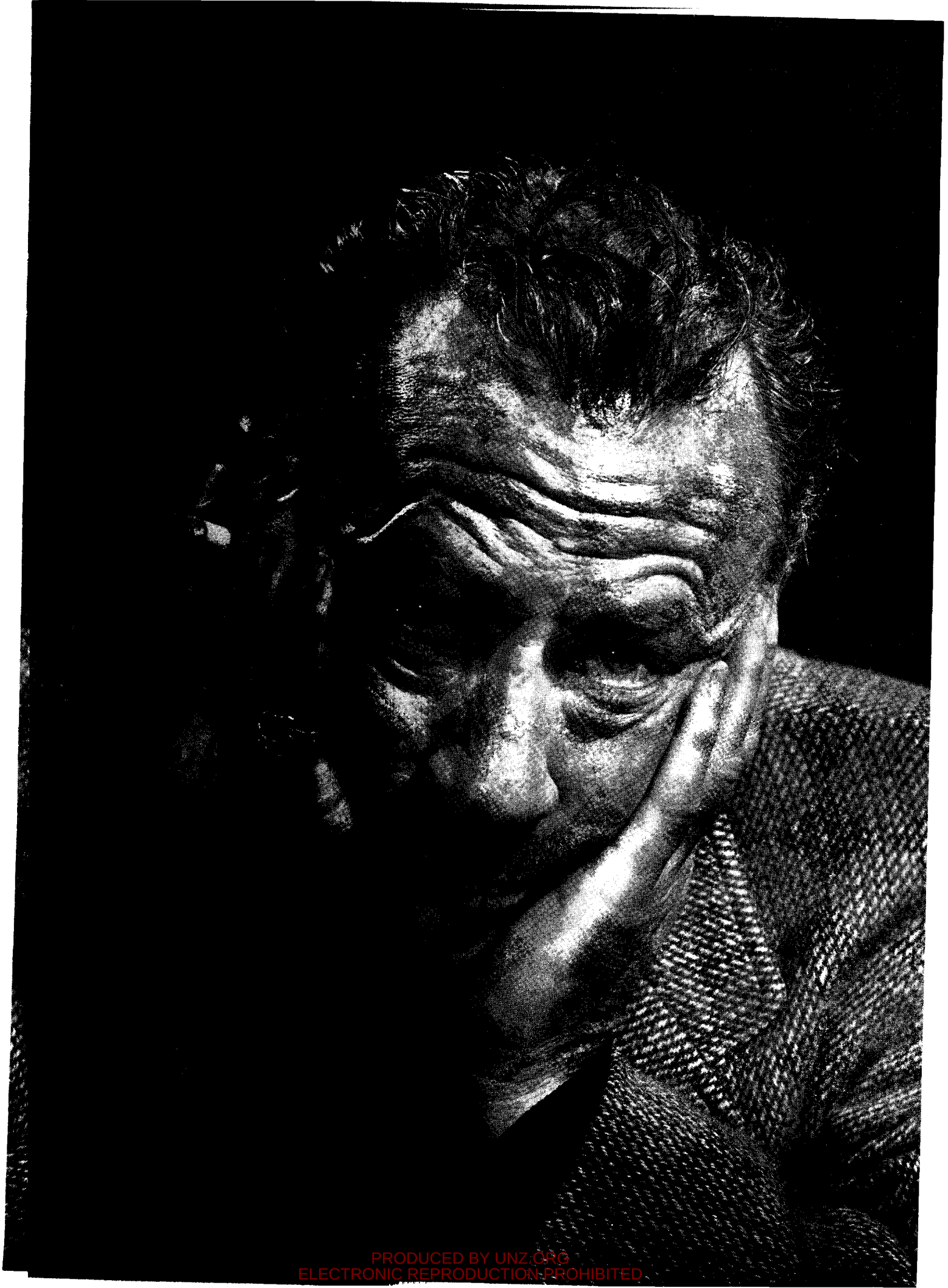

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book. Steinbeck's confidence in the people, whom he showed spontaneously thwarting their Nazi occupiers, was a simple belief in the ability of the species to drive out the cankered part of itself that threatened it with destruction. Quite understandably, this faith hardly seemed reassuring at the time the book appeared. For what the fable failed to go into was just exactly what was needed to accomplish the predicted victory: organization. There were no unions, underground organizations, or secret meetings among the populace in *The Moon Is Down;* there was only unorganized yet somehow effective collective action, as though the town were reacting as a single organism. If the human collectivity was to survive the Nazi challenge, however, something more than a biological observer's generalized faith in the species was called for.

IN defense of Steinbeck, there is the fact that even though the war came along just at the moment when he had worked out a philosophy of scientific detachment, he plunged back into history with a book that took up the great event of the time with compassion and faith for the downtrodden. If he could not perfectly adapt his philosophy to the violent upheaval of the world, he did address himself morally to the problem. And by the time of *East of Eden* in 1952, he had gone all the way back from the scientific detachment of *Sea of Cortez* to the moral fervor of his social novels of the 1930s. (At the very end, of course, his support of the Vietnam war, in which both his sons were involved, was a complete abandonment of his earlier attitude toward war.)

Steinbeck had begun to observe the human species with scientific detachment in *In Dubious Battle*, his novel about an apple pickers' strike and his first topical work on a theme of social importance. In it, Doc, the character modeled on Edward Ricketts who appeared as a spokesman for Steinbeck in all the books in which he was working out his scientific view, including *The Moon Is Down*, declared: "I want to see the whole picture—as nearly as I can. I don't want to put on the blinders of 'good' and 'bad,' and limit my vision." Steinbeck rigorously carried out this prescription throughout the novel by leaving aside doctrinal questions and limiting himself to the details of organizing and conducting the strike. As he developed it, the principle on which Mac, the Communist organizer, operated was to use every circumstance that came in his way to weave the pattern of a perfect strike. Mac and Jim, the neophyte along to learn the trade, ride a freight into a small valley where the apples have ripened and where migrant laborers who have exhausted their last money traveling to harvest them have been faced with a severe wage cut. With superb skill Mac locates the natural leader of the men, gets him elected strike chairman, instills the group with pride and confidence, finds a place for the strikers to camp, and then keeps the hopeless cause going to a point where, as the book ends, the local authorities are about to charge upon and disperse its remnants.

In Dubious Battle was the best strike novel of a decade devoted to the form because it avoided the inherent pitfalls of sentimentality and the typically unconvincing sudden awakening of social consciousness. Jim has a moment in which, after having been a passive observer, he suddenly has a fervent belief in the strike, but Steinbeck treats it entirely in human terms: What Jim suddenly sees is not the light of social consciousness, but the way men in a group behave. He realizes that they must be made to move immediately, and that they must have a partial victory over the scabs no matter how costly in terms of cracked skulls and arrests. Jim's moment of effectiveness was typical of the fine moments for all of Steinbeck's heroes: They made order in a hostile world by doing the American thing of figuring out how things work. There was, of course, a decided detachment from social issues at such moments—as the critics and Steinbeck came increasingly to see. But this did not at all constitute moral relativism. For Steinbeck's commitment lay in his very choice of subject: As long as he chose to write about bindle stiffs, migrant workers, and the Okies, he was by definition a partisan writer. And his advantage over his contemporaries lay in the rare objectivity with which his distancing technique permitted him to view his subject.

STEINBECK was not able, unfortunately, to accept his biological objectivity simply as a method; instead, he had to think of it as a philosophy. Here it was that he made unnecessary difficulties for himself and dissipated too much of his creative energy. For in elevating his amateur's interest in specimen collecting into a theory, Steinbeck was exhibiting part of an ambivalence toward the life of the mind that has been all too familiar among American writers. And this ambivalence, in which ideas are at one moment violently despised and the next abjectly venerated, hurt him just as it did the others.

Though he labored to disguise it, Steinbeck was at once intelligent, well educated, and well read. His books showed the results of five years spent at Stanford University, for they displayed a considerable reading of the Greek and Roman historians, the medieval and Renaissance fabulists, and, of course, the biological sciences. Despite this, Steinbeck firmly avoided a sophisticated tone in all his writing up to *The Short Reign of Pippin IV* in 1957. Only in that spoof of French politics and culture did he permit his wit to surface and range freely. (It was significant that he let this happen only once in a book with an American setting: his last and least successful novel, *The Winter of Our Discontent.*)

Everywhere else in his fiction Steinbeck perpetuated those odd myths about intellectuals that all Americans seem to learn from their popular literature and movies. His intellectuals are all men who exist apart from the vital life of society; they are either sexless, like Doc of *In Dubious Battle*, or vaguely homosexual, like Lee, the Chinese-servant-wise-man

"I am not a dirty old man! I'm a freshman sociology major, and I'm nineteen-and-a-half years old."

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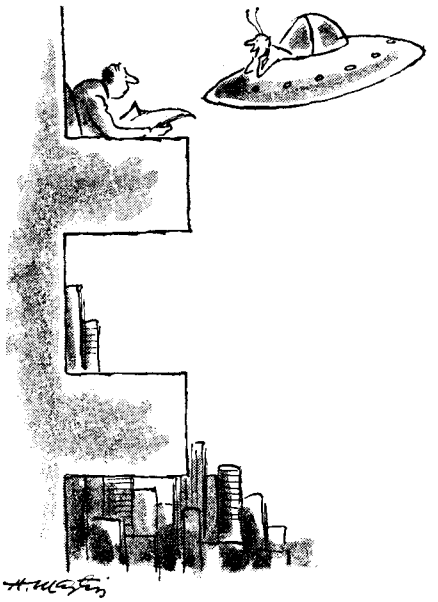
of *East of Eden*. As the judicious Slim says of the mentally retarded Lenny in *Of Mice and Men*: "He's a nice fella. . . . Guy don't need no sense to be a nice fella. Seems to me sometimes it jus' works the other way around. Take a real smart guy and he ain't hardly ever a nice fella." The persistence of these stereotypes in Steinbeck's work is all the more remarkable in view of the fact that the characters to which he attached them were based on his friends, whom he certainly did not think of either as fainéants or not-nice fellas because of their intelligence. To complete the myth, the same intellectuals whom Steinbeck made into spiritual cripples were, when they had something to say, invariably very deep and very significant.

As he allowed this unobserved creature, the intellectual, to become increasingly important in his novels, the philosophical inconsistencies of Steinbeck's thought, which had been minor blemishes on his early work, became increasingly obtrusive. And, as his philosophical characters expounded the philosophy at great length to his protagonists, it came increasingly to seem something external to the real life of the books.

THE process culminated in *East of Eden*, a retelling of the Cain and Abel story set in the period between the Civil War and the First World War. In each of the two generations of the Trask family that the novel chronicles, a father spurns the gift of one son and favors that of the other, just as God spurned Cain's gift in favor of Abel's. Furthermore, the characters have names beginning with the same letters as their biblical progenitors: Charles and Adam in the first generation, and Caleb and Aron in the second (in addition, Charles has a mark-of-Cain scar on his forehead, and Aron is killed indirectly by Caleb). Not only are the characters aware of these parallels, but the main thread is a running commentary on the Cain and Abel story among Adam Trask, who has left his brother to settle in California; Samuel Hamilton, a wise but unsuccessful Irish inventor, master-blacksmith, and talker; and Lee, Adam's Chinese houseboy-sage. From the biblical story, which Steinbeck transcribed entirely at one point in the novel, Lee extracts the following philosophy for Adam Trask:

> I think this is the best-known story in the world because it is everybody's story. I think it is the symbol story of the human soul . . . the greatest terror a child can have is that he is not loved, and rejection is the hell he fears. I think everyone in the world to a large or small extent has felt rejection. And with rejection comes anger, and with anger some kind of crime in revenge for the rejection, and with the crime guilt—and there is the story of mankind.



"Well, don't just sit there. Run and get your camera."

Here Steinbeck adopted a psychological explanation for human acts to replace his biological one, and replaced his former attempt to be uninvolved with at least a theoretical compassion for the human condition.

But then, later in the novel, and speaking in his own voice, Steinbeck shifted to an absolutist, unpsychological pattern: "We have only one story," the narrator declares. "All novels, all poetry, are built on the never-ending contest in ourselves of good and evil." In *In Dubious Battle*, the rejection of good and evil was a way of seeing, was in fact the very technique of the novel; but in *East of Eden*, its acceptance has the effect only of seeming to be one out of several of the author's opinions about the meaning of his story. Because the philosophical views of Lee and the narrator have no essential connection with the way in which the story is told, the reader is free to judge the book in his own way. However, though this resolves some of the contradictions of Steinbeck's philosophical development, it does not make the philosophical disquisitions in *East of Eden* any easier to take.

When, for example, Adam Trask finds himself missing his dead friend Samuel Hamilton, Lee reasons: "Maybe both of us have got a piece of him. Maybe that's what immortality is." Now, Lee's notion is perfectly intelligent and intelligible, but it is not expressed in a natural way, for the apologetic "maybes" are really expressions of Steinbeck's own embarrassment. He can never let one of his characters come up with something brightly and directly, the way people do when they have an idea that they are excited about; instead, he must make them speak in a combination of unnatural portentousness and just-folks apology: "I guess," "It's sort of," "Well, it's kinda. . . ."

This is just what happens to the main, very creative idea of *East of Eden*: Steinbeck's interpretation of God's statement to Cain about evil. The King James Bible has God tell Cain that he will rule over sin; in the American Standard Bible God *orders* Cain to rule over sin; but in the original Hebrew, which Lee looks up, God says to Cain, "Thou mayest rule over sin," leaving the outcome open and implying that man lives in a non-determined universe. This suggested to Steinbeck a resolution not only of the events in *East of Eden*, but also of his dilemma over how he should view man's acts in general. Yet, when he dramatized Lee's working out of the conundrum, Steinbeck did so by having him spend ten years over the passage, during which time he is supposed to have gone to some ancient Chinese wise men and persuaded them to devote years of *their* lives to learning Hebrew in order to interpret the sentence for him.

ALL this is, of course, absurd. To find out that the key word, "*timshal*," in God's sentence means "thou mayest," Lee could have consulted a beginning student of Hebrew, as Steinbeck well realized—he had managed to work out the passage, with the help of commentaries, on his own in considerably less than ten years. But even in real life he persisted in treating the matter with the same disproportionate sententiousness. Thus, in a note correcting his spelling of the word as "*timshel*" instead of "*timshal*," he remarked, "I have over a hundred letters pointing out my mistake, and many of them from profound scholars of Hebrew." It is unfortunately clear that the matter could not be meaningful to Steinbeck unless it was "profound." The result of this attitude was to make the ending of a deeply felt book seem ludicrous: When Adam Trask dies on the last page with the word "*timshel*" on his lips, he is supposed finally to understand his life. But the reader cannot help feeling that if he believed that whopper about the old Chinamen, then he cannot have understood very much of anything.

Steinbeck's great theme was the relationship between man and his environment. If he overcomplicated this theme after 1940, he treated it in his books of the 1930s with a depth of feeling for the mysteries of existence that will stand as a permanent achievement. The typical setting for his best work was the Salinas Valley in California. This is a long, narrow strip of green along the banks of the Salinas River, running from the town of Salinas, where Steinbeck was born, south for about 120 miles between two rugged ranges of mountains. In Steinbeck's best stories, the features of the valley at once determined the physical fates of his characters and made symbolic comment on

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them. There was first the rich bottom land near the river that attracted the settlers from the east; in book after book Steinbeck showed them picking up clods of it and running it through their fingers in amazement at the absence of rocks.

YET, though he loved the valley and worshiped its fruitfulness, Steinbeck did not make it a fanciful Eden. The river brought destructive floods as well as fertility, and the summer wind could blow hot for months without letup. And if the Gabilan Range made a bright backdrop along the east ridge, the Santa Lucias along the west rim of the valley were harsh and dry and wild. Finally, beneath the topsoil there was a level of hard clay that stopped the water in seasons of heavy rain, causing whole fields to be washed away. This sinister bursting out of the very ripeness of nature figured in *The Wayward Bus* as the cause of the detour that brought out the real nature in each member of a previously somnolent and disconnected group of riders. In *In Dubious Battle*, the water washes out the strikers' camp, effectively breaking up the strike; and in *The Grapes of Wrath*, the Joads are at the end flooded out of their boxcar shelter by the rising waters which take their car and worldly possessions, though not their irreducible bravery and hope.

Interestingly enough, only three of Steinbeck's many books actually took place in the Salinas Valley: *The Long Valley*, *The Wayward Bus*, and *East of Eden*, for which the working title had been "Salinas Valley." The rest of his California stories took place in nearby valleys—some real and some imagined—that were either closed systems of harsh necessity, as in the cases of *In Dubious Battle* and *The Grapes of Wrath*, or fantastic paradises, as in *The Pastures of Heaven* and *To a God Unknown*, where the imaginary valley lies just to the south of the Salinas, protected against its "blasting winds." It is in these valleys of the imagination that one finds the roots of Steinbeck's art.

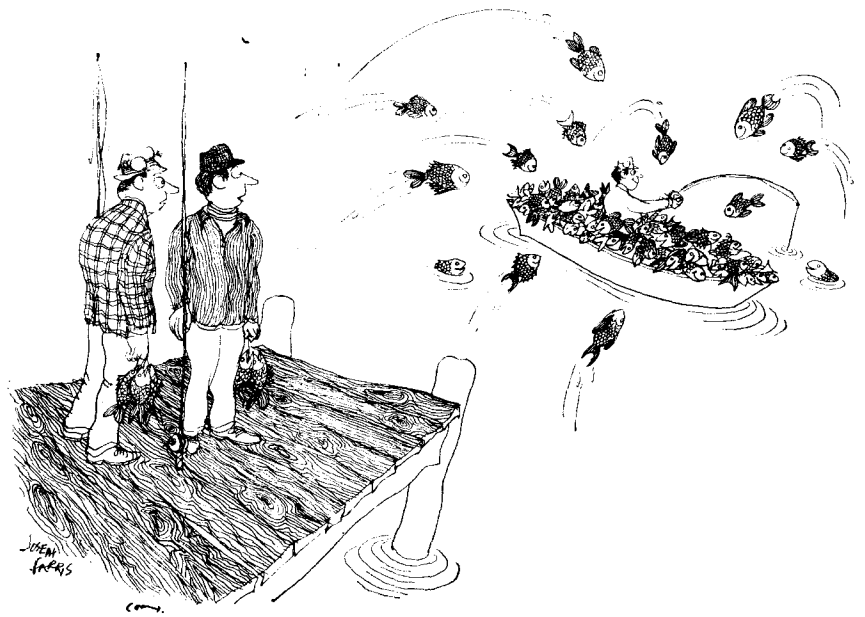
To a God Unknown, which appeared in 1933, was his second published novel, but it was in all other respects Steinbeck's "first novel," for it was the book in which he first explored his major themes. (*Cup of Gold*, published in 1929, an historical romance about Morgan the pirate, was not a characteristic work.) *To a God Unknown* starts off as a loose parallel with the biblical story of Joseph: the hero, Joseph Wayne, is a prophetic dreamer who migrates to California and then sends for his brothers. At first, it seems that the novel is moving on two levels, one of actuality and the other of symbolism in which Joseph's feeling for the land is translated into a comment on the meaning of land to all men who draw their sustenance from it. But as Joseph first turns to primitive ritualistic sacrifice and then actually comes to believe himself directly in control of the processes of nature in the valley, it becomes impossible to make out Steinbeck's own attitude. When the valley is gripped by drought, it is abandoned by men and animals save Joseph. He lies in a grotto near its last drying stream and commits suicide by slitting his wrists to succor the parched earth with his blood. But then the rain, actual rain, comes pouring down, and there is no way of sorting out the story's symbolic from its actual levels.

Steinbeck quickly grew away from the unassimilated mysticism of *To a God Unknown* as he became involved in the issues of the 1930s, but he never lost his reverence for the processes of nature. And so, when he dealt with the Depression in *The Grapes of Wrath*, his feeling for the waste of natural resources involved in letting good land lie fallow, and his anger at the destruction of crops which could not be sold, elevated what could have been a purely political and social subject into something that captured the imagination of a whole nation. Hunger for the earth, which would seem an abstract thing in the books of most novelists, was the strongest and most convincing motive in Steinbeck's. Not only the Okies, but George and Lenny in *Of Mice and Men* ache to get a piece of land of their own where they can finally harvest the crops that they have sown for other men all their lives.

This kind of feeling, first expressed in the mysticism and animism of *To a God Unknown*, when it was brought under control in the stories of *The Long Valley*, resulted in the one work of Steinbeck's that can be called a complete artistic success. "The Red Pony," the best known story in *The Long Valley*, is a simply told tale of a boy who is given a colt that dies, after which he has to wait a year for another foal. When there is trouble with the birth, the mare is killed and the foal cut out of her belly. There have been numerous interpretations of the symbolism here, and the story is, I believe, widely taught in college English courses. But its power does not come so much from its symbolism of death and life, or from its dependence on the ritual of a young man's coming to maturity by experiencing the mysteries of procreation, birth and death; rather, the force of "The Red Pony" lies in a fidelity to experience so intense on Steinbeck's part that his objects and people begin to shine and express something greater than themselves. The ever-present two contrasting mountain ranges suggest hope and fear, youth and age, knowledge and savage mystery, while running water and a tree under which pigs are slaughtered—one of which attracts as the other repels the boy—further work out the story's dialectic in other natural terms.

Here, as in the other stories of *The Long Valley*, Steinbeck's genius lay in the piling up of casual details to create feelings both of awe and horror at man's being as much a part of the processes of nature as the animals themselves. His most famous image for this was the

(*Continued on page* 50)



"*Mortie always did have charisma.*"

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State of Affairs

Henry Brandon

Nixon Starts down the Run

ASPEN, COLO.

SWITZERLAND'S St. Moritz is known as the playground of the "beautiful people," France's Courchevel as the haven of the jet set, but Colorado's Aspen, which has about the best skiing one can find in the United States, is where the brainy people go to relax their intellectual muscles and test their ski legs. When you go down the mountain on skis, there is nothing else you can think about but how to manuever the next turn.

However, on the ski lifts you may find yourself discussing anything from kidney transplants, with a leading neurologist from the University of California, to whether nuclear superiority is the answer to American foreign policy, with a Pentagon "whiz kid," to international monetary affairs, with a Harvard professor. I was surprised, though, that even in such expert company the flight of *Apollo 8* to the moon was hardly ever mentioned, and I mean when that flight was still in progress. Was it the remoteness of the mountains and the concentration on skiing? When I asked an old Washington hand here why this should be so, he said, "Maybe it is because it is so much easier to fly to the moon than to remove the ghettos in our cities."

The standard of American skiing is amazingly high. I find the average skill of American skiers higher than that of Europeans, even though skiing in the United States has been popular for a relatively short time. It must have something to do with the fact that Americans, when they start something new, want to do it well and therefore work hard at it. Europeans are inclined to take skiing more as relaxation and fun than as a sport. They are content with being just proficient enough to enjoy it.

The expansion of Aspen as a ski resort is only short of phenomenal. There are now some 6,000 beds here, but over the Christmas vacation days this was not enough. Last year an entire ski area, Snowmass, was opened. And this year, the Aspen Ski Corporation has been discussing a five-year plan to extend the ski facilities across another mountain chain and into an adjoining valley. It reminds me of a remark that Guy La Roque, who looks after Courchevel, made to me some ten years ago. He said despairingly, as the chairman of a school board whose classrooms are overcrowded would, "Every year there are 30,000 new skiers on the slopes in France; we cannot build newer and newer resorts fast enough."

One feels pleasantly detached out here from the pains of transition now felt in Washington. President Johnson is stepping back into history, and Mr. Nixon is taking over. Like all Presidents, Mr. Johnson wanted to be a great one. His place in history haunted him. He came to power at the end of the greatest, most turbulent, most demanding, most successful period in American history. Americans by then had grown tired of and impatient with new challenges, more responsibilities, and greater sacrifices. It made Mr. Johnson's task infinitely more difficult. But there are few who are as adept as he is in putting the pressure on. And he did, except that he also created a feeling among the public that he was going too far too fast. He made breathtaking legislative advances, but he also put too great a premium on pressure, and soon additional pressure was generated in the streets and on the campuses that he had not bargained for. The war in Vietnam added powerfully to these pressures until they got out of hand. He overheated the atmosphere and, as a consequence, the country seemed out of control. The war in Vietnam, inflation, the welfare program, violence, crime, opposition to him—all seemed to be galloping. And so, by magnifying the problems, Mr. Johnson also dwarfed his own achievements.

The former President's character, the mixture of pride and defiance, his belief that nothing short of victory would do for him, that "Spirit of the Alamo," also magnified the importance of the war in Vietnam. And even if Mr. Johnson will be proved right and a balance of power will be established in Southeast Asia, it will have been achieved, in my view, at too high and too disproportionate a cost. The war divided the country as it has not been divided since the Civil War. It aggravated racial tensions and student rebellion and it deprived Mr. Johnson of his greatest aim in life—to be remembered as the President who broke the back of poverty. The war also forced his own withdrawal from the Presidential race and his party's defeat in the elections, for which he cannot escape blame. But above all, it soured the American outlook on the world. It undermined American faith in allies, in American military power, and confidence in American world leadership.

Mr. Nixon has an unusual opportunity to profit from the Johnson legacy. The war in Vietnam is finally defused, and the scene is set for negotiations; he now has the great opportunity of becoming a popular President and of being credited by history with ending the war. He is also the inheritor of many new legislative weapons to deal with most of the ills now troubling this country. If these are properly used, coordinated, and funded, he could succeed in vastly improving the mood of the nation. Mr. Nixon may thus reap some of the fruits denied to Mr. Johnson. Seldom has there been such a bipartison desire for a new President to succeed, for everybody knows that for Mr. Nixon to fail could be catastrophic.

What the country expects from the new President is to cool it. That will also mean cooling some of his own more extravagant goals proclaimed during the election campaign. One of the most knowledgeable men in this field (and a true skier, too) said to me here over tea après ski that the new President will soon find out that nothing startling can be done to establish American nuclear superiority over the Russians. Various projects such as a heavier bomber or a nuclear-engined plane or newer submarines can indeed be built, but when he looks into what additional strategic missions they can cover that are not already provided for, he will find that they are all already taken care of.

Aspen is one of those examples that proves that C. P. Snow's idea of the two cultures is rather artificial. In fact, Aspen manages to combine not only an Institute for Humanistic Studies—where business tycoons relax by debating anything from Plato to T. S. Eliot, while physicists pursue their studies—but also the culture of sports and music. In this way, it is unique in the world. Further, it has more good restaurants per square foot than any American city with the possible exception of San Francisco. It even has a French restaurant where, à la Maxim of Paris, one can eat in cozy little *séparés*, where the waiter knocks before entering, and where wine and fare are as carefully looked after as the intimacy of the guests. At another luxury restaurant, the desserts are kept at the very same price as at its opening on July 4, 1883—none higher than 10 cents. But don't expect the same generosity for the rest of the menu—better bring your checkbook along.

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Saturday Review

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The Fifth Dartmouth Conference

PRESIDENT Dwight D. Eisenhower believed strongly in the need for human contacts on every level between this nation and other nations. He was especially interested in cultural exchanges between Americans and Russians. It was under this program that *SR*'s editor was sent to the Soviet Union in 1959 for the purpose of speaking on American life and institutions. After his return, he proposed that private citizens from the two nations meet—in conference—for the purpose both of widening contacts and exploring outstanding questions between the two governments. The suggestion was accepted by the Soviet Peace Committee. A conference was held in October 1960 at Dartmouth College, in Hanover, New Hampshire, with its President John Dickey as host. The Ford Foundation provided the funds. Each side had twelve representatives who were prominent in the fields of science, education, philosophy, industry, government, and the arts.

One of the principal achievements of the Dartmouth Conference was that the conferees were able to develop a frank and open relationship. George F. Kennan, former U.S. Ambassador to Moscow, put it vividly when he said that he had to come to a college town in New England to have the kind of candid and friendly exchange of views that he had been unable to experience in twenty-five years inside the Soviet Union. The conferees were able to discuss issues of mutual concern that until then had not yet been fully explored across the table between their two governments. At the conclusion of the conference, a full account of the meeting was transmitted to Washington.

The second conference in the series was held the following summer in the Crimea, with many of the same participants. The range of subjects was broadened somewhat, although most of the progress was registered on those topics previously considered at Dartmouth. As before, there was a direct and open exchange of views.

A third Dartmouth Conference was held in October 1962 at the Phillips Academy at Andover, Massachusetts. The backdrop could not have been more ominous or inauspicious. The beginning of the conference coincided precisely with the start of the Cuban missile crisis. The participants readily discovered that their identity cards belonged not just to their own nations but to the human species. For if the Cuban crisis came to full force, all men on earth would be the victims, as Pope John had warned. To be sure, there was the sharpest debate at Andover over the issues involved in the Cuban missile crisis, but the sense of being joined together in a common peril helped the group to develop a valuable perspective for viewing their other differences and problems.

The fourth Dartmouth Conference was held in Leningrad in July 1964. Some of the major questions raised at previous Conferences—a ban on nuclear testing and limitations on the use of weapons in space—by this time had largely been resolved. But two of the three men who had formed one of the most unusual triumvirates in history and who were identified with the new thrust for peace—President John F. Kennedy, Premier Nikita Khrushchev, and Pope John XXIII—were no longer on the world scene. Much of the discussion in Leningrad, in fact, was directed to the need to create new initiatives for meeting outstanding world problems. The Johnson Foundation, of Racine, Wisconsin, joined the Ford Foundation as sponsor for the American participants in the Leningrad meeting.

In January 1965, an invitation was extended to Soviet Chairman Alexander Korneichuk and his colleagues to attend a fifth Dartmouth Conference in the United States. We received no formal reply but were privately informed that the bombing of Vietnam made direct contacts unlikely. We replied through the same channels that the Soviet Union was sending arms to North Vietnam and that it was precisely at a time of threatened confrontation that the Dartmouth meetings had their greatest potential value. The purpose of the conferences was not to celebrate successes in the reduction of tensions but to face up to existing problems affecting the maintenance of world peace. Twice a year for the next three years, the invitation was renewed. Then, last June, David Rockefeller, one of the Dartmouth conferees, spoke in Washington to Soviet Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin, assuring him that the American group was still ready to proceed with a fifth meeting. At that time, the limited bombing of North Vietnam was in effect and the Paris preliminaries had begun. A month later we were informed by Ambassador Dobrynin's office that the Russians were ready to proceed.

THIS, then, is the background of the conference just completed at the Westchester Country Club in Rye, New York. In many ways, the Rye meeting was the most productive of the five conferences. The Soviet representatives came with specific proposals on a wide variety of issues, including the Israeli-Arab crisis in the Middle East; the future of Germany; the world arms race in general; and the full spectrum of U.S.-U.S.S.R. relations, with special emphasis on the importance of enlarged trade between the two countries.

One question of prime concern to the Conference was the world arms race. This race not only consumes resources more urgently needed for human betterment, but poses a growing threat to world peace and stability. The participants attached the highest priority to halting and reversing this arms race. Both sides stressed the need for ratification by all nations of the nuclear non-

(*Continued on page* 64)

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Letters to the Editor

Ghetto Education

In the report, "Education in the Ghetto" presented by *SR* and the Committee for Economic Development [*SR*, Jan. 11], Theodore R. Sizer's fine article, "The Case for a Free Market," raised some possibilities that are too often ignored in America. There was perhaps a time when the public schools could be justified as instruments of acculturation. Today, however, when the problem is too often one of mindless conformity, the encouragement of private schools could do the nation an enormous service.

One measure, which Dr. Sizer does not mention, deserves consideration despite the opposition that teacher unions are certain to raise. That is the removal of state certification of teachers. Perhaps no other single factor discourages so many fine young scholars from a career in teaching as the knowledge that they will have to sit through so many of what are often outdated and useless teacher-training courses.

If control is indeed to be passed to the local community, it ought to include control over the qualifications of the teachers. Leave that matter to the local superintendent, and a large pool of dedicated, qualified teachers will soon appear.

The function of the schools is already being supplemented for many children by private concerns organized to teach a narrow range of skills on a concentrated basis. If the voucher system, or a variant of it, can enable poor children to purchase these services, it should be adopted immediately, before the decline of the schools makes them unrecoverable.

Gordon S. Jones,
Arlington, Va.

Albert Shanker's article, "What's Wrong with Compensatory Education" [*SR*, Jan. 11], is a penetrating account of many of our more highly publicized attempts to battle tidal waves of educational inequities with only the proverbial spoons. Unfortunately, his remarks will be consigned to oblivion unless potentially powerful teacher organizations make their voices heard in favor of really significant changes, such as "a program which starts children very early in very small classes with a longer day and a longer year. . . ."

I was impressed by Mr. Shanker's analysis of what the Coleman report did *not* show: If class size were truly reduced to reasonable sizes, rather than from extremely large to merely too-large, then significant gains might result. Unfortunately, Coleman was only able to show that "it doesn't make much difference if you have a class size of thirty-seven or twenty-seven."

As a result, we now have many authoritative persons believing, erroneously, that class size makes no difference. Reducing class size for all students, or even for students with exceptional needs only, is expensive; but Shanker speaks directly to this point when he states: "Before we accept the slogan that 'money is not the answer,' we ought to try the money approach just once."

Leon M. Fields,
Kentucky Innovative Development Center,
Frankfort, Ky.

Throwing off Oldthink

In his article, "Richard Nixon's Mandate" [*SR*, Jan. 4], Eric Sevareid mentions the intellectuals' horror of a shift to the right. We fear rising crime and social unrest. But more and better police protection should be only a temporary expedient. The radicals and anarchists would have no following if the root causes of most crime and violence—racism, ignorance, and poverty—were faced and eliminated.

In our eagerness and need to tend our wounds at home, we should not forget that the "enlightened self-interest" which produced the Marshall Plan is even more relevant today. It matters directly to us how many babies are born in Ecuador or Ivory Coast; it matters when India builds another steel mill before feeding her people.

I do not share Mr. Sevareid's feeling that tax incentives to industry will do little good. This is a valuable program which is just getting started. It will gather momentum because business men are belatedly learning that any dissatisfied, unrealized segment of the population directly affects them in the pocketbook. When this fact is brought home to the tax-paying public we will see the outpouring of aid which appeals to conscience have failed to elicit.

Will we be the first country to throw off nationalist-militarist-corporate oldthink and step morally into the electronic age? Will our new leaders have the imagination and the courage to begin?

Mrs. Marjorie Harrington,
Alameda, Calif.

McLuhanacy

Anthony Schillaci's article, "Film as Environment" [*SR*, Dec. 28], is just the kind of pretentious McLuhanacy that makes difficult the introduction of adequate film courses in schools and colleges.

Schillaci attempts to champion film on the grounds that the new art form is destroying "literary values." Anyone who has read any literature at all knows that the elements he calls "literary values"—dialogue, sequential narrative, dramatic choice, and plot—are no more intrinsic to poetry and fiction than they are to film, modern drama, or any other literary form. In trying to radically separate film from the larger body of literature to which it belongs, Schillaci and his fellows neglect the critical methodology developed during the last fifty years in response to the works of such artists as Yeats, Joyce, Proust, Faulkner, William Carlos Williams, and many others.

Paul A. Love,
Associate Chairman,
State University College,
Geneseo, N.Y.

"And sir—oh, sir! Even if, God forbid, you should be cut down in your prime before you have paid all your premiums . . ."

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SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

Alive and Well in Paris

TEN YEARS AGO, François Truffaut rode the crest of the French *nouvelle vague* with his *The 400 Blows,* starring a then fourteen-year-old boy, Jean-Pierre Léaud, as the delinquent adolescent, Antoine. The last freeze-frame of that film is still retained in many a memory, so much so that freezing a frame for impact, dramatic effect, and poignance has become a virtual cliché in movies and television. But, for those who remained haunted by the lost, frightened face of Antoine, who may have wondered what his fate would be, the news is good. He is alive and well and in Paris—the present-day Paris of Truffaut's latest film, *Stolen Kisses.* And for those who have been waiting, as well, for Truffaut to reassert himself as one of the younger greats of our day, the news is equally good. He is in top form and in rare good spirits. He has made a film that has the airy almost inconsequential ingredients of a soufflé, and, like the soufflé of a master chef, it amazes and delights.

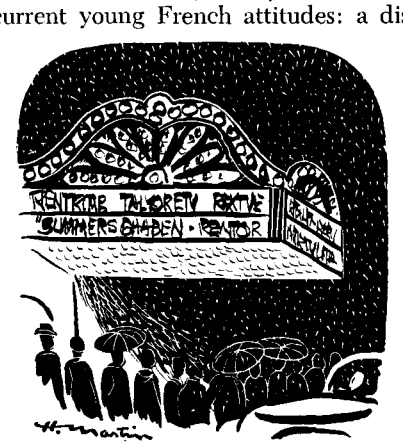
Truffaut, after making one of the film masterworks of the Sixties, *Jules and Jim,* did not exactly go into a decline, but he sort of muddled around. His best film after that was a short segment in *Love at Twenty* (also featuring Léaud). His work was polished in *The Soft Skin,* the story of a middle-aged man's tragic affair, but it was really just another tragic affair. He made *Fahrenheit 451* under Universal's auspices in London, but working under these circumstances was presumably not congenial for him; the film came out constrained, rather dull, almost pompously literary. He went next into his Hitchcock phase. Cinematic expertise appeared to be what he was after. So he interviewed the suspense king at length, and compiled from tapes a voluminous account of their conversations. Fascinating stuff, but distinctly worshipful.

His *The Bride Wore Black* was neither good Hitchcock nor good Truffaut. The suspense was desultory, the mystery not very mysterious. The intelligence was there, and some self-consciousness. In a way, the film was cause for alarm, for it seemed that Truffaut was seeking commercial answers to a talented director's dilemma: how to be good, how to be true, and at the same time attract a wide, international audience. With *Stolen Kisses* he has abandoned the search and, at the same time, found the answer. By returning to Antoine he returned to himself. Having tested and tried commercial methods, Hitchcock techniques, he has now found that the improvisatory informality of *The 400 Blows* can work well for a variety of purposes and subjects. In a way, it is the new traditionalism.

Thus, there is nothing that seems particularly startling or flamboyant about *Stolen Kisses;* the director's hand doesn't show as it does in Lester's *Petulia,* for instance. Yet, the technique Truffaut uses could have been disastrous if mishandled. Like a soufflé, the insubstantial story could have fallen flat. On the other hand, he must have known he had exactly the right actor in Léaud. This young man takes film-making seriously. He went behind the cameras for a while, serving as an assistant to Truffaut, Godard, and other directors. In 1965, at age twenty, he starred in Godard's *Masculin Feminin,* and he has been seen frequently since. *Stolen Kisses* should establish for him a continuing demand.

Léaud's "methody" manner of working would probably give pause to Lee Strasberg. In fact, he confesses to not having read the script before beginning shooting. This was by Truffaut's design, too, for he wanted Léaud to experience the film more or less like life, with its surprises, risks, and occasional rewards. As Antoine, Léaud is a young Army conscriptee, anxious to get back to living and to begin loving. He fakes a discharge for reasons of mental instability, and heads immediately for Pigalle and the first prostitute he can find, who, it turns out, isn't to his taste, or vice versa.

Antoine's problems (after that sad beginning in *The 400 Blows*) aren't very weighty, given all the awesome problems at large in the world today. He wants a girl and he wants a job. He wants to get going, but isn't sure of the direction. He does, of course, clearly reflect some current young French attitudes: a distaste of the Establishment, for one thing. He is naïvely idealistic and naïvely cynical at the same time. Truffaut views him sympathetically and tolerantly, but hardly with solemnity. Antoine becomes a hotel night clerk and, after goofing quickly at that, becomes a trainee detective for a large private detective agency. Here Truffaut appears to be laughing ruefully at his Hitchcock phase. Being a private detective can be a nutty job, particularly in Paris with its wealth of *types.*



Among those who appear in the agency office are a homosexual seeking the whereabouts of a lover who has gotten married, and Monsieur Tabard, who is trying to discover why people dislike him so. The answer is apparent—he's just not likable—but Antoine is assigned to the case, masquerading as a stock boy in Tabard's shoe emporium on the Champs Elysées. It isn't long before he betrays his duty and his client by falling in love with Tabard's svelte wife (Delphine Seyrig), who returns his affection briefly by sending Antoine two expensive ties and visiting his room for a quick fling. There is more to Antoine's youthful odyssey, all of it surprising, bubbly, occasionally shocking, as when an elder detective suddenly keels over, dead, in the middle of a routine phone call. There is Antoine's charming girl friend, Christine (Claude Jade), and the mysterious stranger who follows Christine unobtrusively and finally reveals to her his rationale for so doing.

By then, Antoine is a TV repairman, and fully as inefficient as most TV repairmen. But he has made his temporary peace with Christine. The two are seated on a bench talking companionably. The mysterious stranger approaches and declares himself to Christine. He's in love with her, totally and forever. The two young people find this revelation so surprising as to be almost incomprehensible. The fellow's out of another world.

What Truffaut was after and has found was the fantasy in reality. What people do, how they reveal themselves, the strange ways in which they wiggle through the maze of modern metropolitan life—all this can be the stuff of a film. But it must be caught on the wing, so to speak. Too much preparation, a too carefully defined script plan, and the essence of this kind of thing can be lost. Not only Léaud—all the actors were encouraged to interpret their scenes in their own ways. Harry Max as the old detective contributes a gem; Claude Jade has a sweet, unprofessional freshness; Delphine Seyrig makes of herself a fading beauty alert to hasty romantic adventure. And, behind them, Truffaut, alert to the gesture, the glance, the sudden expression. But never intrusive. Only on reflection does *Stolen Kisses* become a remarkable film.

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CHARLOTTE WILLARD

Presaging the Triumph of Egghead Automata

Today's sculpture is preparing man
for his replacement by information-processing energy.

WHATEVER one may feel about his thesis or his conclusions in *Beyond Modern Sculpture: The Effects of Science and Technology on the Sculpture of This Century* (Braziller, 402 pp., $15) Jack Burnham has produced a rich and provocative interdisciplinarian analysis of the art of sculpture. Laying a new basis for art history, he declares, "Sculpture in a technological society must be regarded as a tiny microcosm of the entire socio-technical-biological evolution." He believes that sculpture should be viewed as an indicator of man's changing concept of biology, as an indication of his biological role, and especially as a form of biological activity in itself.

The next stage of evolution, for which the sculptor is now preparing mankind, is one in which man will be obsoleted, replaced by electronic intelligent information-processing machines. Though the artist may fight science, in the end he proves no match for it—sucked into the irreversible unescapable trend by the scientific demiurge.

The road to these conclusions is buttressed with erudite references to a battery of social and natural scientists and philosophers from Democritus to Hegel, Newton and Spengler, to mention just a few. The new mathematics, bio-chemistry, bio-physics, the political and social and economic situation are all organized into a complex system of thought to explain the roots of modern sculpture and project its future. No science-fiction fantasy could have more hair-raising implications, and none has been so formidably presented, documented and argued.

Burnham begins innocently enough, with the disappearance of the base. It was the base that gave sculpture its stability and lifted it out of everyday reality into the "spiritual" realm of essences and eternity. By taking sculpture off its pedestal the artist places it into the human environment and gives it the "objecthood" of a coat rack or a typewriter. With Brancusi the base becomes part of the sculpture, with the Constructivists it is minimized to the point of invisibility. With David Smith and Anthony Caro it vanishes entirely. Sculpture and man are put on an equal footing, in the world, on the ground. Later, sculpture defies gravity, becomes airborne.

The impact of science and technology further transformed sculpture by the gradual elimination of naturalistic organic forms. It offered as subject the machine, which was developed in various forms by artists like Tinguely, Schöffer and Le Parc. Soon, however, the machine posed problems, since often its functions that create life-likenesses are hidden in a box. While sculptors first imitated the machine's motions or used it for light-movement pieces, the "Minimalists" finally arrived at the box as their irreducible reference to modern technology.

The Constructivists and their followers meanwhile, though denying their

CHARLOTTE WILLARD, formerly art critic for *The New York Post*, is the author of *What Is a Masterpiece?*

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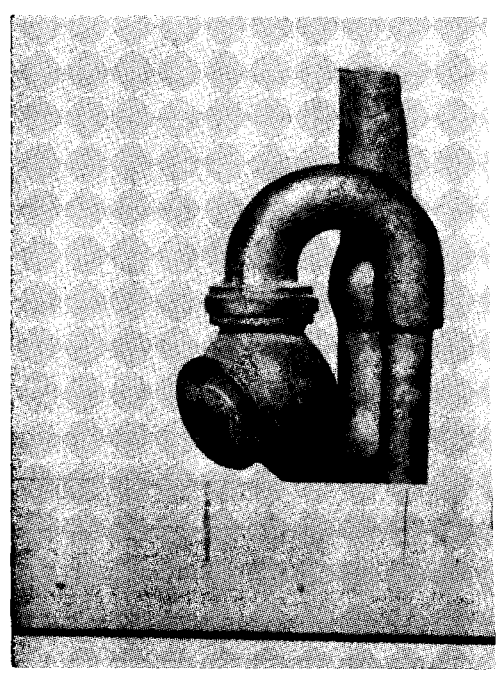
dependence on science and technology, tended to produce sculptures that were parallel to mathematical models. The works of Gabo and Pevsner are prime examples, and Max Bill's Möbius Curves are part of the movement. This vein was mined until it became obvious that the forces of reality in many instances have no visual equivalents and can only be stated in abstract mathematical formulas. Einstein's equation of the interchangeability of mass and energy may be demonstrated (alas), but $E=mc^2$ has not been visually objectified and probably can never be. Art as an object vanishes in the tide of wholly intellectual concepts of the human brain.

IN the second half of the book Burnham reviews the development of art from machines to systems that can replace functions of man and on the way examines automata, which from earliest times were used in magic religious rituals and in the theater. Artists, who in one way or another have always tried to imbue their sculptures with "life," persistently attempted to ape human actions. The mechanical robot is the evolutionary descendant of thousands of years of such automata. Kinetic art is seen as part of the drive to duplicate organic movement through gravity, motors or wind currents. Burnham concedes, however, that kinetic art is unsuccessful since it is tied to the machine for the most part and cannot transcend its materiality. Light as a sculpture material comes a step closer not only to the dematerialization of art; it is also a factor in what C. W. Ceram calls the "change from mechanical to technological thinking." Burnham's arguments seem consistent so far. With Cyborg art, founded in cybernetics, Burnham finally enters the realm "Beyond Modern Sculpture," and here we part company. Art as we know it, he believes, will disappear as a psychical expression. Cyborg art will not only perform certain lifelike functions but will do so in specific response to the environment or to chance human activity around it. All attempts at anthropomorphic appearances will be discarded and replaced by systems that carry on human functions by technological means. Broken parts, he suggests, will be replaced by a circulatory system like the blood stream that will carry components needed for repairs.

Mr. Burnham climaxes his thesis by quoting from *Intelligence in the Universe*, by Roger MacGowan and Frederick Ordway; the former is chief of the Scientific Digital Branch, Army Missile Command Computation Center, Huntsville, Alabama, and the latter president of the General Astronautics Research Corporation, London. They prophesy that the intelligent life we may encounter in stellar space will probably be the product of biological evolution but will be inorganic artificially constructed intelligent life. Political leaders back on earth will soon learn that intelligent artificial automata having superhuman intellectual capabilities can be built. They believe, in fact, that these automata will take over the earth. Man, in short, will bring about his own transformation from a biological creation to an inorganic concentration of information-processing energy. Mr. Burnham concludes triumphantly that "the physical boundaries which separate the sculptor from the results of his endeavors may well disappear." The final illustration in the book is a bent and upright pipe arrangement which is labeled God.

All very neat, except that there are at least three elements that are not taken into account—the element of chance, the element of incomplete knowledge, and that of man's psyche. Chance is the only certainty in the universe. As for incomplete knowledge, A plus B may equal C but only if all the components of A and B are known. No one can claim such



—*From the book.*

"God" (1918), by Morton Shamberg.

A Purposeful Phenomenon

AS WE ARE LEAVING the stage where totems and votive images have profound psychic import for our culture, is it possible that eventually sculpture will cease to have meaning? Could the very first emergence of sculpture have been a part of a general evolutionary pattern for the human species?

There are still few enough clues to the nature of societal evolution. Depth psychology, with all of its tentativeness, is one of the few modern attempts to penetrate the façade of customs, techniques, and notions which each society erects around itself in the name of culture. It attempts to view human progress in terms of the psychical reverberations which surround these activities. It is a recognition that deeper and more significant changes take place than are evident in the written histories of human development. Viewed as a broad pattern, technology seems to create itself as an energy and time-binding web extended over the face of the earth and now beyond; it appears to be an extremely purposeful phenomenon in which man is simply the catalyst for its happening. Perhaps now we can begin to look upon the immense core of facts and data surrounding technological achievement almost as a kind of camouflage for what is actually happening to biological man.

If we strip away the self-interest from the Earth's only historical animal, what remains is an organism whose neurochemistry is remarkably obscure, if not unknown. One thing seems certain though: the human brain is the key to further evolutionary steps. Man is what he is only partly by his own efforts; much of his destiny, past and future, has to do with genetic chemistry yet only dimly perceived. Among biologists, Edmund Sinnott is not alone in suspecting that the potentials of all species are embedded in their protoplasm. Not only does protoplasm contain the code directing the capabilities of a single life cycle, but in a very literal sense that of all future generations of the same species. Such an assumption at one time implied a vitalist interpretation, and there are still strong arguments for resisting a teleological view of human life. But as more is revealed through molecular biology (and probably atomic biology) a mechanistic teleological interpretation of life is not out of the question.

Even with no end view in sight, it is difficult not to accept a post-biological logic for technological development. While survival, adaptation, and regeneration form the cornerstones of biological existence, it may be that culture is fundamentally a means for implementing qualitative transformations of man's biological status. Art, then, and the whole image-making drive may be means for *preparing* man for physical and mental changes *which he will in time make upon himself.*

—From "Beyond Modern Sculpture," by Jack Burnham.

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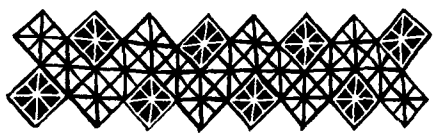
knowledge of either man or science. In which case, the answer may not be C at all, but most likely X. After all, technology is not new. The raft and the canoe, the wheel, the chariot and the balloon were all technological inventions by which man in some measure acquired the properties of fish, of bird, and of fleet-footed horse. With none of these inventions did man's biological structure change. In the past seventy-five years we have developed machines that have radically altered man's environment and extended his competence. They have



for the most part damaged his psyche by denigrating man's place in the world.

While I applaud Mr. Burnham's presentation I find his conclusions untenable. Powerful as the new technology may be in its "evolutionary" drive, man's intricate emotional organization is an even more powerful motivator. Love and hate are stronger than machines and electronic systems. Our irrational subtle humanity, as immaterial as any mathematical equations, controls even E=mc². In the last analysis, the dematerialization of the planet depends not on technology but on our will to survive or our will to die. Our scientific forays into moon ships and information-processing machines may be Freudian escapism from the core of our dilemma—bringing man's unconscious into equilibrium with his intelligence.

MAN, thinking, feeling, knowing, inventive man, is still the most concentrated form of energy on earth. He is that small monkey wrench that will, I believe, explode fantasies of technological take-overs and put the machine where it belongs—in the service of man. I share Konrad Lorenz's experienced hope, expressed in his book *On Aggression*, that "evolution's great Constructor," which has substituted ritual behavior in animals for the violent destruction of their own species, will solve the problems of political strife and warfare by the evolution of a new inhibitory mechanism adapted to dealing specifically with the new situation. The fruit of man's intelligence and his human sensibilities will then not be used to enhance the power of the state or the corporation. It will instead be directed to the full evolution of the human race—not as sterile, inorganic, intelligent information-processing machines, but as full, complete, totally aware, totally balanced human beings, who will still find joy and fulfillment in creating new, undreamed-of expressions of the art of sculpture.

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

No Free and Easy Relationship

I SERVED AS A M/SGT. and Lt. in General G. S. Patton's XX Corps, 3rd Army, from Normandy to VE Day and a few months thereafter.

There never was—as R. Leckie states in his review of *Bitter Woods*, by John S. D. Eisenhower [*SR*, Jan. 25]—a "free and easy relationship [between Eisenhower] and his subordinates" in the 3rd Army. We officers were continuously told by General Patton and his staff that we were not only fighting the Nazis, but also Ike's SHAEF and the "limeys," *i.e.*, Field Marshal Montgomery.

Now Ike—who has never led troops in the field—uses his son (was he really a "staff officer" in the 1st Army?) to defend his slow, indefensible strategy of "broad-front advance" *vs.* Nazi Germany. The Remagen Bridge alone proved him wrong. This defense by Ike's son, the author, contributes to making him a "historian" according to reviewer Leckie!

K. E. WALLACH.
Fairborn, O.

Tragedy of Good Friday

PROFESSOR SAMUEL SANDMEL'S BRILLIANT essay review of Dr. S.G.F. Brandon's two studies of Jesus [*SR*, Jan. 4] suggests that scholars will have to "confront Brandon, for he cannot be brushed aside." Indeed not, and here are several items preliminary to such a confrontation.

In brief, the Brandon thesis contends that the Gospels present an anti-Semitic account of the trial of Jesus which has unjustifiably shifted responsibility for the Crucifixion from the Romans to the Jews, whereas in fact Pontius Pilate executed Jesus as a political rebel, if not an actual Zealot. Since one of Jesus's disciples was named "Simon the Zealot," there can be no scholarly quarrel over the fact of Jesus's connection with the politics of his time. However, there is evidence against the other part of Dr. Brandon's claim, *i.e.*, that the Gospels are anti-Semitic in portraying Jewish responsibility for the Crucifixion. A very important but little-known support for the New Testament version is provided by the purely Jewish rabbinical sources and traditions concerning Yeshu Hannosri (Jesus of Nazareth), such as *Sanhedrin* 43a of the Babylonian Talmud, which states: "He [Yeshu] shall be stoned because he has practiced sorcery and enticed Israel to apostasy." Since, moreover, nothing in the Roman historical and legal sources contradicts the New Testament account, a reconstruction of the trial of Jesus, which I have undertaken in my book, *Pontius Pilate*, has at least as much validity as Dr. Brandon's reconstruction, even though it presents more Jewish involvement.

"Brandon is inquiring into the question of Jewish 'guilt' for the death of Jesus . . ." Dr. Sandmel writes. That the term "guilt" was ever used, and that "Jewish" has so often been interpreted "all Jews, today too" must rank as one of the great tragedies of history. Anti-Semitism was far more the blunder of the Christian church than of her Gospel sources. Incredibly, Christianity forgot that the prosecution on Good Friday represented only a small fraction of the Jews of the time (indeed, the Talmud itself roundly condemns Caiaphas and the House of Annas, the leaders of the prosecution); that even so, the plaintiffs were acting in absolute good faith; that responsibility for their role is *not* transferable; and finally, that in Christian theology, God—not the Jewish prosecution—was ultimately responsible for what happened on Good Friday.

PAUL L. MAIER.
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Idealized in *The Deputy*?

I FOUND PROFESSOR TOM DRIVER'S essay "Is Melpomene Dead?" [*SR*, Dec. 28] reasonable and philosophical till I came to the paragraph in which he characterizes Rolf Hochhuth's play *The Deputy* a caricature of Pius XII. Perhaps it is a caricature but not in the accepted meaning. It is a caricature in the sense that the Pope was far worse than he was portrayed in *The Deputy*. It seems that Professor Tom Driver has stayed too long up on theology cloud number nine to take an objective and critical look at a Pope who may very justly be judged by history as the most Machiavellian and fateful ever to sit in the chair of St. Peter(?).

There is ample and irrefutable evidence that Pius XII is guilty of a far greater crime than that of mere silence while the Nazis were exterminating the Jews and other enemies of the Third Reich, even Catholics, in the crematoriums of their concentration camps. Pius XII, as Nuncio to Germany, saw the birth of the Nazi Party in Catholic Bavaria, where no political activity was possible without the imprimatur of the Catholic bishops, and acted as godfather and nurse during its growth. Later, as Secretary of State to Pius XI he formulated the Vatican's policy towards Hitler's Third Reich and thus negotiated with Hitler the most infamous and fateful Concordat in the history of the Church for it gave Hitler the moral and material aid he needed to rule Germany.

M. NOVELLA.
Miami, Fla.

Necessity

YOUR EXCELLENT CHILDREN'S BOOKS sections reaffirm my belief in the necessity for fine children's literature. This attention must never be abandoned.

DAVID FRED STEIN.
Southfield, Mich.

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Literary Horizons

Granville Hicks

Four years ago Jesse Hill Ford published what seems to me the most exciting and the most enlightening novel of our times about the race conflict in the South, *The Liberation of Lord Byron Jones*. The theme seems almost trivial: a Negro undertaker in a Tennessee community insists on divorcing his wife even though he has to name a white policeman as her partner in adultery. This undertaker, spectacularly misnamed for a Romantic poet with a reputation for amatory adventures, is as commonplace as they come, a man who has prospered by not sticking his neck out. His astonishing act of defiance eventually involves the whole community, white and black, and in particular brings him into conflict with his lawyer, Oman Hedgepath, a man more intelligent than most, who nevertheless holds to the prejudices—principles, he would say—of his Confederate ancestors. Hedgepath is well drawn, and so are others on both sides of the struggle.

Because I admire *The Liberation of Lord Byron Jones* so much, I should like to be able to say that Ford's new novel, *The Feast of Saint Barnabas* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $6.95), is as good or even better, but I don't feel that it is. I want to try to explain my reservations while at the same time keeping in view the book's undeniable strength.

The subject, a race riot in a place called Ormund City, Florida, would seem to be more dramatic than the subject of the earlier book, and, indeed, there is an abundance of action. Furthermore, as we would expect, Ford is not so much concerned with actions as with motives. His approach, then, is the same as in *Byron Jones*, and so is his way of moving from one point of view to another.

The three principal characters are also on the credit side. The first is Felton Watridge, a white storekeeper who provides the occasion for the riot by beating a drunken old Negro almost to death. We feel his terror as he realizes what has happened. Angry at the old man for no good reason, he had called the police, and two of them had dutifully come, handcuffed the offender, and prepared to take him to jail. But then: "Next thing I know I've done kicked him down from between them. Down he goes and me taking my feet to him like you will sometimes dream about that you taken your feet to your enemy. . . . In my brain someplace something must of popped, something went out after it flashed blue and I hardly knowed myself what it was before I had him down and was stomping and kicking and I could feel him give and the memory of it sickens and something goes down on me because when you weigh 240 it looks a whole lot worse and if it had to be why not here in the back room instead of out where everybody in the Woodyard, everybody in Central, every nigger in Ormund City could watch me do it and him handcuffed." Finally self-condemnation and fear drive him to see a Negro priest of the Episcopal Church, who agrees to intercede for him with Purchase Walker, boss of the Black Community.

This priest, Father Ned, was once "*the* prominent Negro of the Episcopal Church, U.S.A." "Although a Negro, he had been a gentleman, and white Episcopalians had adored him." But during his wife's fatal illness he had taken to drink, and he had declined until he reached the very bottom in Ormund City. Here he lives in fanatical poverty, no longer a drunkard but not much of anything else. He is capable, however, of a heretical meditation on Saint Paul, and he asks his congregation to forgive Felton Watridge.

In the church for the service are Purchase Walker and Ton-Ton, his concubine. He has won his power by virtue of his fine presence, his sharp wits, and his ruthlessness. After gaining control of bootlegging and prostitution in the Negro section, he wants a monopoly of taxi services, and he allows the riot to develop because it fits into his plan for eliminating the opposition.

These three characters are sharply drawn and memorable, but they are only three of many, and it is with some of the others that Ford's trouble seems to lie. There is, for example, a subplot involving Rann Cutler, a girl named Cynthia, and a storekeeper who calls himself Cousin Alabam Webster. Cutler, son of an aristocratic and once wealthy family, is hired by Purchase Walker to spy on Alabam and get information that will drive him out of the taxi business. Among his various enterprises, Alabam runs a nudist park, which Cutler frequents in the course of carrying out his job for Walker. Here he meets Cynthia, and in due season they fall seriously in love with one another. This whole episode, which involves a hairbreadth rescue during the riot, bears no essential relationship to the central plot, for Alabam could have been more simply disposed of. To make matters worse, Cutler is pretty much a stereotype—the impoverished young man of good family who hides his bitterness behind a mask of cynical wisecracks and who is eventually redeemed by the love of a reasonably good woman.

As the story advances towards its climax, the description of the rioting and its consequences is often powerful. There is a moving account of a Negro doctor who provides such help as he can to scores of patients. There is also a rather comic episode concerning a drunken Norwegian sailor and the Norwegian consul. Several passages illustrate the ways in which politicians and businessmen persuade reporters and the men from TV and radio to play down the violence and the destruction. In a kind of epilogue Ford tells what happened after the riot to a number of characters who have been introduced along the way.

The elaboration of subsidiary plots and the introduction of superfluous characters have, it seems to me, weakened the effect of the novel. *Lord Byron Jones* also has a large cast and an involved plot, but Ford is always in control, and the story marches to a satisfying conclusion. I can't see why Ford's method of narration, the use of many different points of view, shouldn't have been as effective in the new novel as in its predecessor, but something went wrong.

On the other hand, Ford in both books makes the reader feel the atmosphere of hostility between the races in a Southern city. An aging Negro, proprietor of Poor Boston's Club and Cafe, says to one of the young men he has befriended: "I keep telling myself how the world is changing when you can meet up with a man like you, Leroy, and know that in all this green and black world it ain't one white face you trusts. . . . I mean it was a time . . . when I couldn't find many colored men or women either that didn't have at least one white friend, one member of the white race, they could trust. . . . You take in some small places it is still that way—but look at this God damned town." When we last see Leroy, he is sitting on a roof with a stolen rifle and stolen liquor, firing at random at white people in the street.

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The Way the Wind Blows in Moscow

Power in the Kremlin: From Khrushchev to Kosygin, *by Michel Tatu, translated from the French by Helen Katel (Viking. 570 pp. $10), analyzes internal Soviet conflicts during the years 1961-1967. Harry Schwartz of The New York Times is the author of "Prague's 200 Days," to be published shortly. His other books include "The Soviet Economy Since Stalin" and "Tsars, Mandarins, and Commissars: A History of Chinese-Russian Relations."*

By HARRY SCHWARTZ

EVERY THREE MONTHS a United States Government agency, which prefers to remain nameless, issues an interesting and bulky "reference aid" called *Appearances of Soviet Leaders.* It provides detailed information, so far as that is possible, on the daily activities of about 100 Soviet political and military figures. The latest issue I have at hand informs me, for example, that on June 17, 1968, Communist Party Secretary Yuri V. Andropov attended a Moscow dinner honoring the President of Chad, while on August 6, 1968, General Secretary Leonid I. Brezhnev was present at Marshal Rokosovsky's funeral. The volume contains thousands of similar facts, along with charts that enable one to see at a glance the monthly routine of each Soviet VIP.

Michel Tatu, the gifted French Kremlinologist and correspondent for *Le Monde,* would not be surprised at the existence of this volume and other similar materials testifying to Washington's absorption with every available detail of the activities of Kremlin leaders. He would probably think his own and other Western governments delinquent if they neglected such information. For the thesis of his fascinating *Power in the Kremlin* is, in his own words, that "no policy of relations with Moscow can be planned intelligently without regard to the capital question of how it affects the struggle for influence at top level in the Soviet Union. For this purpose, the symptoms of that struggle which are visible to the outside world must be taken seriously however slight they may seem." This in many ways is the basic justification for Kremlinology, and M. Tatu has written a book that is likely to become a Kremlinological classic.

In retrospect it seems most curious that half a decade ago there was bitter debate about Khrushchev's position in Moscow, with some respected and seemingly well-informed scholars arguing that he was in sole command of the Kremlin, backed by a team of loyal and subservient followers. Khrushchev's ouster disposed of that misconception. But M. Tatu's volume makes plain that there was never any basis for such child-like faith in Kremlin political unity. The materials published in the Soviet Union itself—available even to one who merely read *Pravda* and *Izvestia* carefully—showed that Nikita Khrushchev was usually involved in bitter struggles with one or more factions among his underlings.

The subjects of those contentions were in effect all the issues of high Soviet policy: relations with the United States and China, the size of the Soviet armed forces, the division of investment funds between military and civilian needs, etc. Khrushchev himself seems to have felt that it was important for the West to understand his beleaguered position, for he made a frank statement about it to *SR*'s editor, Norman Cousins, on one of the latter's visits to Moscow. It is unfortunate that M. Tatu's otherwise prodigious research did not encompass Mr. Cousins's report on that conversation, published in the Nov. 7, 1964, issue of *SR,* following Khrushchev's ouster. (The article is reprinted in Cousins's *Present Tense: An American Editor's Odyssey,* McGraw-Hill, 1967.)

Khrushchev's fall, as M. Tatu points out, by no means ended the bitter internal conflicts, which continue to this day. Relations among Kosygin, Brezhnev, Podgorny, Shelepin, Suslov, and their comrades are analogous to those among the Democratic Party's squabbling factions in the brief period between Eugene McCarthy's endorsement of Hubert Humphrey and the 1968 election. M. Tatu could have written an important additional chapter on Kremlin differences over Czechoslovakia during 1968 as reflected by all the signals on which Kremlinologists base their conclusions.

—*Jerry Bauer.*

Michel Tatu—"a source of useful insights into recent Soviet history."

TO praise M. Tatu's research and to agree, as this reviewer does, with his outline of Kremlin power struggles during 1961-1967 do not mean that Kremlinology is an exact science or that its clues provide direct policy guidelines for Washington or Paris, or even Peking. One did not need extensive scholarship, for example, to realize half a year or so ago that Premier Kosygin was a dove on Czechoslovakia while Ukrainian Party Secretary P. Y. Shelest was a hawk. But that widely held knowledge did not by itself indicate whether and when Soviet troops would invade Czechoslovakia. Put another way, the Kremlinologist has at best only partial information on many key issues. Thus it is still impossible to identify precisely the composition of the Politburo majority that voted for the invasion of Czechoslovakia.

The Kremlinologist is bedeviled also by false clues. Thus M. Tatu notes that on occasion First Deputy Premiers of the Soviet Union have been identified in the Moscow press only as Deputy Premiers. This seems clearly enough a slap at the individuals concerned. Yet there are cases where these men go their merry way without further setbacks, and eventually even get *Pravda* to list their titles correctly. The thought must intrude that perhaps sometimes such "errors" are really errors and not always a means of giving the political score to Soviet citizens who know how to read between the lines. Moreover, it is not even always certain that one can identify a top official's stand on an issue by reading his speeches and weighing the nuances of what he says. At times, as M. Tatu observes, a man may have passages written into his speeches which contradict his real views but which he must utter because of his subjection to Party discipline.

One could go on enumerating the perils of Kremlinology and the sources of Kremlinologists' headaches, but there is no need to. I urge the reader to peruse M. Tatu's book both as a source of useful insights into recent Soviet history and as a model of Kremlinology at its best. Columbia University's Research Institute for Communist Affairs and its director, Zbigniew Brzezinski, are to be thanked for having helped make the writing of this important work possible.

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Cops or Cop-Outs?

Law, Power, and the Pursuit of Peace, *by Eugene V. Rostow (University of Nebraska Press. 133 pp. $5. Harper & Row paperback, $1.60), analyzes U.S. foreign policy and offers precepts for America's future relations with the rest of the world. George McGovern is Senator (D.) from South Dakota.*

By GEORGE McGOVERN

EUGENE ROSTOW, WHO SERVED as dean of the Yale Law School before joining the State Department in 1966 as Under Secretary for Political Affairs, is an unabashed advocate of recent American foreign policy. "The heart of the security problem, for the United States and for the whole Free World," he writes, "is summed up in a single question: Will the United States continue to elect Presidents who have the courage and sense of duty to do what President Truman did in Korea, Berlin, Greece, Turkey and Iran; what President Kennedy was ready to do in Cuba, and what President Johnson did in the Middle East and Vietnam?"

Law, Power, and the Pursuit of Peace, a revision of two Roscoe Pound lectures delivered at the University of Nebraska, is an analysis both of the thread of policy which Mr. Rostow sees running through those involvements and the precepts he hopes will continue to guide America's relations with the rest of the world. Our allies are urged to assume greater responsibilities in cooperative efforts to achieve order and to strengthen developing nations. Mr. Rostow calls upon the American people to take a more mature and realistic view of international affairs, recognizing that, like it or not, the Great Powers are the policemen of the world because "they alone have the capacity to discharge that function." The Soviet Union and Communist China are admonished to accept the logical precepts of the Truman Doctrine as international common law.

In defining America's role, we are first directed to the United Nations Charter, "which declared illegal all wars but those of self-defense and wars waged in assisting states to defend themselves against aggression." But the United Nations, Rostow points out, cannot act in wars involving permanent members of the Security Council.

> . . . the Charter is not suspended if one of the permanent members of the Security Council engages in aggression, or sponsors it. The procedures of the Security Council are not then available, but the interests and obligations of the remaining Great Powers are exactly what they would have been if the Security Council had acted to condemn the aggression. . . . When the Soviet Union or China is involved in aggression, or approves it, American willingness to resist is the only relevant fact, and the indispensable one, if the fragile peace of the Cold War is to be preserved. In such cases, we *are* the world's policeman, for without our will, and our force, there could be no resistance.

Perhaps the most unfortunate aspect of Professor Rostow's book is this kind of oversimplification of complex questions. The citing of Vietnam as an example of how the policy he defines works in practice could not, of course, be avoided, and it puts broad statements to the most rigorous of tests. The U.S. involvement is characterized as eminently logical in light of the U.N. Charter, the SEATO Treaty, the domino theory, and the assumption that China and the Soviet Union regard Vietnam as the testing ground for a revolutionary technique. Other considerations that seem to be proving more decisive in the Vietnam struggle are ignored: the appeal to the Vietnamese people of Ho Chi Minh as a national hero who ejected the French and is now holding the Americans at bay, the indigenous strength and devotion to their cause of the members of the National Liberation Front, and the lack of an authentic reform-minded political leadership in Saigon.

WE are given the impression that the United States is obliged to commit whatever forces are necessary to protect any political régime, no matter how unpopular, threatened by insurrection, once we determine that the Soviet Union or Communist China has encouraged, approved, or aided the revolt. We have no choice but to use power, regardless of whether the local leadership has the capacity and the willingness to win its people's support. It may be that Professor Rostow's analysis suffers from a central difficulty encountered in foreign-policy discussions in an age of easy communication—the reluctance to talk plainly about the limitations of American power while the Russians and Chinese are listening in. In any event, rather than making the war look better, the policy advocated comes off the worse when it is used to justify the enormous expenditure of American lives and money in Vietnam.

Mr. Rostow deals with criticism of our Vietnam policy in what I believe to be a largely irrelevant manner. He declares that the United States is involved in an "identity crisis" in which reason conflicts with isolationist traditions. While the nominal topic for the present debate is Vietnam, as in the past it was the Truman Doctrine, the Marshall Plan, and the Korean War, Professor Rostow divines that "the true issue at each stage has been the ultimate question: Why do we have to be involved at all?" Under these terms it is relatively easy to conclude that we do have to be involved in the world and that there are cases in which we must use power. But this is only a straw argument, since little of the reasoned criticism of our intervention in Vietnam advocates a policy of isolation.

In posing the issue of American foreign policy as a struggle between internationalism and isolationism, Mr. Rostow, like Dean Rusk, seems to me to be arguing a question that might have been meaningful thirty years ago but which has no practical significance today. The question now is not whether we are a part of the world, but what kind of role we should play in it. Do we serve the cause of international order by unilateral intervention and the massive injection of American troops into confusing and complex revolutionary struggles abroad? Do we measure American internationalism by the number of Marines and B-52s we have deployed abroad? In a world of revolutionary change, where scores of developing nations grapple with complex domestic upheavals, should not the great powers be wary of hasty intervention? That would seem to be the lesson of Vietnam and, in another way, the lesson of Czechoslovakia.

IF Professor Rostow's analysis is in some respects open to argument, he has nevertheless supplied a valuable outline of the basic tenets that will, with different shades of emphasis, remain continuing themes of foreign policy debate. His book has the added virtue of being articulate and well ordered. *Law, Power, and the Pursuit of Peace* will be most helpful as a point of departure in the post-Vietnam era.

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New Blacks in Notting Hill

The London Novels of Colin MacInnes: City of Spades; Absolute Beginners; Mr. Love and Justice *(Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 626 pp. $7.50), written during the 1950s, focus on the lives of the city's "outsiders." Eric Moon, former editor in chief of Library Journal, is director of editorial development for the R. R. Bowker Co.*

By ERIC MOON

HOW IS IT POSSIBLE that Colin MacInnes has escaped the attention of American publishers and the American reading public for so long? While books by Amis, Murdoch, Spark, Sillitoe, and other (fashionable?) British novelists have appeared here with regularity, the fiction of Colin MacInnes has remained virtually unknown on this side of the Atlantic.

The three novels that make up this hefty volume, and which have taken about a decade to cross the big divide, may change all that. Many an American reader, discovering the humanity and vitality of these explorations of the London scene, will regret having had to wait so long for them. But the delay serves one useful purpose: The passage of time emphasizes the unusual quality of these novels. They read with the immediacy of newspaper reportage, yet they clearly have the added dimension of art, for not a word seems to have dated in the slightest over the years since their first appearance. They speak so vividly to today's concerns—concerns that are as real in New York or Chicago as in London—and with so much more balance and understanding than most writers have brought to the kind of territory MacInnes explores that one cannot but marvel that they were all written ten or more years ago.

Each of the novels is set in the rumbling subworld—not really the murky depths of the underworld, nor yet the manufactured veneer of so-called swinging London—and each focuses on the lives of the big city's "outsiders." *City of Spades* is about the blacks, West Indians and Africans, who poured into Brixton and Notting Hill, and entered the conscience and consciousness of England during the Fifties. *Absolute Beginners*, which also touches on England's color problems with, among other things, the best description in fiction of the Notting Hill riots, is primarily concerned with another contemporary malaise: the gulf in understanding and sympathy between the teen-agers and those over twenty (yes, MacInnes sets the divide there, not at the commonly assigned thirty). And *Mr. Love and Justice*, an allegory about a seaman turned pimp and a cop elevated to plainclothesman (and thus given more opportunity to bend application of the law to his own purposes), seems to anticipate the fears about police behavior that have become the common text of newspaper editorials and commission reports in the 1960s.

What raises these novels far above many of today's excursions on the wild side is that they are not simply elemental explosions of anger or social protest. Not that these qualities are missing in MacInnes; few books contain more devastating condemnations of police practices and attitudes. But the novels also reflect an insistent realization of the joy of life and the process of discovery that is its bloodstream, a trait that surfaces doggedly in MacInnes's characters even when they are struggling down there in the darker depths of adversity. The most surprising elements in stories set in such a milieu are their romanticism, their humor, and their warmth.

These qualities are perhaps most easily seen in *City of Spades*, certainly the best of the three novels. It captures the tempo and the texture not just of the language but of the lives of black men in postwar London. In Johnny Fortune from Lagos, MacInnes has created an unforgettable, indomitable character who breathes the affirmation of life from every pore. "We Africans" he says, "are not a people who deposit our days in a savings bank. . . . Our notion is that the life is given us to be enjoyed." (The American concept of the pursuit of happiness?) Even at the end, returning to Africa after finding that the streets of London are no more paved with gold than those of Lagos, Johnny Fortune is untouched by defeat. "This is my city," he cries, "look at it now; look at it there—it has not killed me! There is my ship that takes me home to Africa; it will not kill me either! No. Nobody in the world will kill me ever until I die."

If in *City of Spades* MacInnes's identification and sympathy with the new blacks and his understanding of them are little short of miraculous, his feat in *Absolute Beginners* of seeing the world as teen-agers do is no less astonishing. Only the totally undiscerning could read these two books without having his comprehension enlarged.

Mr. Love and Justice seems to me the least successful of the three novels. While it plays skillfully with the title themes and their interrelationships, it too often sounds like a textbook for the beginner in the vice world. Frankie Love receives his basic instruction in the art of pimping from his prostitute girl friend, while Edward Justice is taught how the law is bent from the "right" side by a smart-aleck "star sleuth" and a tough, crooked detective sergeant.

What finally gives real depth and dimension to the "outsiders" who people these novels is their other, large hero: The trilogy is essentially a sustained poem to London, "the ugly old indifferent capital" that "encourages the presence of such people" and, "by its very incoherent indifference, enables them to discover one another more freely and happily than elsewhere . . ."

Nat Hentoff, who provides a perceptive introduction, says: "I have not lived in London, and, for all I know, a diligent London newsman or sociologist could write extensive corrections of *City of Spades* and *Absolute Beginners*, in terms of their accuracy as documentaries." This reviewer has worked or lived in many of the areas of London that these novels describe. No novelist I know, and, for that matter, no newsman or sociologist more realistically captures the feel, the smell, the essence of that dirty, old, fascinating city and the impact it has on the people who live in it.

One doesn't read many novels these days—at least, not serious ones—that leave one feeling buoyed up with hope, despite all the odds. The last such I read was a little first novel, *Gumbo*, by Mack Thomas, a story of the Depression years in Texas. MacInnes's London is no happier a place than Thomas's Texas, but it has warmth and depth, and somehow you know that its people will fight and survive—and enjoy.

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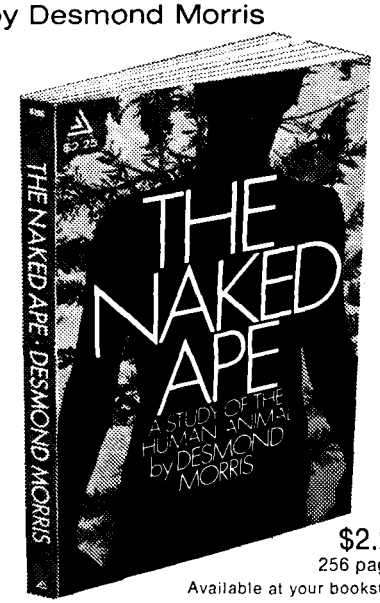

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At Loose Ends in the Vienna Woods

***Setting Free the Bears**, by John Irving (Random House. 335 pp. $5.95), depicts the adventures of two young Austrian students touring the countryside on a motorcycle. Henry S. Resnik is a free-lance critic and writer.*

By HENRY S. RESNIK

JOHN IRVING IS TWENTY-SEVEN years old. A native of New Hampshire, he attended Phillips Exeter Academy and the University of Pittsburgh, then went to Vienna, where he stayed long enough to become thoroughly hung up on Europe before returning home. At some point during these adventures Irving conceived a novel that would combine the horrors of World War II with the far gentler troubles of a youth stumbling into self-awareness and manhood. *Setting Free the Bears* is the result, and it represents a puzzling, often astonishing literary début.

The puzzling—and completely unresolved—aspect of the book is its lack of identity with either the Jamesian tradition or the American mainstream of the 1960s. *Setting Free the Bears* simply isn't a contemporary American novel; the language could almost be a European translation from an original by a European writer.

There are no Americans in the book at all, and the few references to racial troubles in the United States, obviously drawn in as parallels to the inhumanity of the war, seem curiously out of place. The tone of the novel, in short, is determinedly consistent with its setting—Vienna and the Austrian countryside.

This would be no problem were it not for nagging reminders throughout the book that something important—apparently the author's American identity and sensibility—is missing. More than half the narration is a first-person account of the adventures of a young Austrian student, Hannes Graff, and his wildly eccentric buddy, Siegfried ("Siggy") Javotnik. Briefly, their saga consists of buying a huge old motorcycle, taking off for a tour of the countryside in pursuit of themselves and excitement, getting into a series of unbelievably corny slapstick confrontations with various country folk, and finally carrying through a plan to set free the animals in Vienna's Hietzinger Zoo (among which the Rare Spectacled Bear is a symbol of ultimate brutality).

The first hundred pages, seen through the eyes of the shallow, humorless Graff, betray the novel's principal weakness so markedly that they nearly spoil the entire book. Clearly Graff is an odd, distorted version of Irving-in-Europe. His language, his descriptions of the people he meets, including Siggy and a girl to whom we are told he is deeply attracted, and his accounts of what are supposed to be hilarious goings-on are often irritatingly stilted. The explanation that Graff is "at loose ends," offered later in the book, cannot possibly account for the unreal quality of the first part.

But then the excitement starts. The long middle section of the novel consists entirely of Graff's edited version of a notebook Siggy has been keeping during a few days of lone reconnoitering in the Hietzinger Zoo. "The Notebook" is a skillful interweaving of two stories. First there is the struggle for survival of Siggy's parents and a band of Austrians during the Hitler years, beginning with the fall of the republic in 1938 and ending after the war. Then there are the "Zoo Watches," Siggy's nightly observations of the zoo's activities while he is formulating his plan to free the animals. The night watchman at the zoo is a grotesque sadist whom Siggy recalls in fantasies as a Nazi taking part in the brutalization of Vienna. There are many moments within this section when the symbolic and plot levels unite perfectly, when Irving creates tremendous suspense as well as an absorbing comment on the brutality of man and beast.

After an unfortunate beginning, Irving proves in *Setting Free the Bears* that he is a writer of uncommon imaginative power. Moved by what must have been the awful reality of Vienna's memories, he has transcended, though not without serious difficulties, the limbo of his European years. He is back in America now, teaching at a small college in New Hampshire; perhaps he will decide on an identity and produce an American novel. Whatever he writes, it will be worth reading.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

JACKS OF ALL TRADES

Here are ten quotations from eight of Shakespeare's plays. Marjorie G. Forrest of Quebec challenges you to identify each speaker's trade or profession and the source of each quotation. Answers on page 41.

1. She did commend my yellow stockings of late; . . . in this she manifests herself to my love. ( )	A. apothecary	a. *Hamlet*
2. Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? ( )	B. boatswain	b. *Henry V*
3. His nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of green fields. ( )	C. cobbler	c. *Julius Caesar*
4. Put this in any liquid thing you will And drink it off. ( )	D. doctor	d. *Macbeth*
5. If you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more. ( )	E. friar	e. *Midsummer Night's Dream*
6. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl. ( )	F. gravedigger	f. *Romeo and Juliet*
7. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged. ( )	G. porter	g. *Tempest*
8. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! a' poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. ( )	H. steward	h. *Twelfth Night*
9. For though fond nature bids us all lament, Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment. ( )	I. tavern hostess	
10. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay. ( )	J. weaver	

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Growth and Grace: Incompatible?

Should Churches Be Taxed?, *by D. B. Robertson (Westminster. 288 pp. $6.50).* ***The Religion Business,*** *by Alfred Balk (John Knox. 96 pp. $3),* ***The Vatican Empire,*** *by Nino Lo Bello (Trident. 186 pp. $4.95), and* ***The Church Trap,*** *by Arthur Herzog (Macmillan. 185 pp. $4.95), question various aspects of organized religion, particularly its financial enterprises. Kenneth E. Boulding's most recent book is "Beyond Economics: Essays on Society, Religion and Ethics."*

By KENNETH E. BOULDING

OUR CONSTITUTION DECREES a separation of church and state, and there is a great deal of legal rhetoric about the "wall" between them. Nevertheless, both the religious and the political institutions are functions of a single society and, as our classic New England poet has remarked, "Something there is that does not love a wall." Consequently, in spite of the Constitutional affirmations of secularity, the eye of God glares somewhat ominously from the great seal; our notes and coins proclaim not only liberty but also "In God we trust." Thus, even as we render unto Caesar that which is Caesar's, Caesar himself chooses to stand under the shadow of still larger liberty and a greater legitimator.

The authors of these four volumes are profoundly uncomfortable about the whole business. Of the four, the most substantial and scholarly is the book by D. B. Robertson on the church tax issue, which should become the standard work on this subject. It considers the history of the problem, the legal aspects, the arguments that have been presented over the years pro and con. The references alone in this exhaustive study of the literature on the topic will be invaluable to anyone who wishes to pursue the matter further. Mr. Robertson, whose style is more readable than is usual in academic productions, is judicious in presenting arguments.

Whereas he avoids the spicy, Alfred Balk makes no attempt to do so. *The Religion Business,* which might be described as a tract, is frankly a work of popular journalism, though it covers much the same ground as the Robertson study. Mr. Balk has strong views, and his little book is recommended for anyone who wants a short overview of the subject.

Whether churches and religious organizations should be exempt from taxation is part of a larger problem of tax-exempt institutions in general, which include not only churches but schools, universities, and federal government installations. This is part of a still larger problem of the relation of federal to state and local finance. The case for tax exemption of any institution has to be based on the claim that it performs some kind of public function, and also that it belongs to what I have been calling the "grants economy," supported by one-way transfers of funds rather than through participation in the commercial or exchange economy. This is one of those questions where there is no clear and unequivocal answer, but where political choices can be made from the wide range of possibilities without any either very good or very evil consequences ensuing. It is, indeed, an ideal subject for high school debate.

Something approaching a scandal may, however, be in the offing concerning one issue of the church tax problem explored by Mr. Balk. This is the matter of "lease-backs," in which a church borrows money to purchase a commercial operation, such as a hotel, and then leases back the operation to a private company, which in effect splits the tax savings with the church. Here the church is operating exceedingly close to the exchange economy rather than the grants economy, and from both the moral and the political standpoint practices of this sort are highly dubious. It may be, indeed, that they have arisen because of an unintended accident of the law, but the whole operation is certainly one that requires Congressional attention.

The book by Nino Lo Bello deals essentially with the Vatican as a business enterprise. Neither "scholarly" nor well-documented, it too may be described as a work of popular journalism. *The Vatican Empire,* however, is a first approach to an extremely delicate field—one of absorbing interest. Because there is an air of secrecy about the economic operations of the Vatican, Mr. Lo Bello's book has the flavor of a spy story, but his facts may not be wholly reliable. Nevertheless, he paints a dramatic picture of an enterprise that was almost bankrupt after the First World War, and then received an extraordinary windfall by the Lateran Treaty of 1929, in the shape of some $90 million compensation for the loss of church property in the nineteenth century. Perhaps partly because the eve of the Depression was a good time to have liquid assets and partly because a mysterious gentleman named Bernardino Nogara provided remarkably astute financial management, the Vatican is now a major holding company with global interests that include Watergate East, a large real estate development in Washington, and shares in almost every Italian company, as well as in other corporations all around the world. Just how this nest egg has been accumulated is still far from clear, but tax exemption certainly plays a role. Himself a Catholic, Mr. Lo Bello writes in a lively and entertaining style, rather as if he were describing a family scandal, although he is genuinely concerned over what business success may do to the spiritual function of the church. A detailed financial history of the Roman Catholic Church, which would probably exhibit the longest cycle known to the economy, would certainly be one of the most interesting conceivable documents. We are, however, still a long way from this kind of information.

Arthur Herzog's book—again a piece of popular journalism, but with a strong anti-church bias—is more concerned with the sociological positions of the church than with its economic situation. *The Church Trap* is not a serious work of scholarship, and Mr. Herzog is clearly not a man who has any real appreciation of the sources from which religion springs; for him it is a somewhat incomprehensible excrescence on an otherwise rational society, and this naturally colors his view. He does, however, raise some interesting questions, particularly in regard to the current internal crisis within the churches as they make their adjustments to the modern world.

One of the oddest things about the state of religion in the United States is the extraordinary contrast between the prevailing image in the intellectual and academic community and the statistical reality. If you tell any academic audience in this country that one of the most remarkable phenomena in American history is the rise of religion they are invariably surprised, perhaps because of our absurd overemphasis on the Pilgrim Fathers. The plain fact is that the United States was founded by a fine bunch of atheists or near-atheists at a time when

ON JANUARY 24 a suit challenging the constitutionality of certain income tax exemptions for churches and religious organizations was filed in the Federal District Court of New York. In announcing the action, the plaintiffs, headed by Protestants and Other Americans United for Separation of Church and State, reported that they were specifically challenging provisions of a 1954 law exempting churches from paying corporation profit taxes even on businesses they operate as investments unrelated to their religious functions.

Wholesale industrial hardware, the manufacture of electric lighting equipment, and ship repairs are among the enterprises from which the defendant—Stratford Retreat House—allegedly reaps $15-$20 million in sales volume a year. It is officially registered as a Protestant nondenominational church.

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religion in the Western World had reached its lowest ebb in many centuries. Since the end of the eighteenth century, however, church membership in the U.S. has risen almost continuously from an estimated 5 per cent of the population in 1776 to about 64 per cent today. Church membership, of course, does not tell us anything about the quality of religion, but it certainly tells us about its quantity.

WHY this has happened in the United States—whereas the experience in Europe has been somewhat different, though not as different as many people imagine—and why it has happened in the face of the scientific revolution, economic development, the Enlightenment and all the other historical forces that one might think would militate against religion are among the great unsolved puzzles of our society.

Other interesting questions are whether this movement has now reached its peak and whether the evidence, which is abundant, of some internal crisis in the churches suggests that there may be a decline, or whether the very crisis is a reflection of the remarkable vitality of the church in American society and its capacity to adjust to new circumstances. The answers to those questions will not be found in these four volumes, least of all in the one that most purports to supply them, that of Mr. Herzog. The questions, however, remain and we can expect a good deal of writing in this field.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT No. 1331

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1331 will be found in the next issue.

NIQ HOEEBP M ENOSL OE OT

EI VIIC OSEI NMDDOSBTT

ENPIRLN MSIENBP KMS'T BABT!

–QOVVOMK TNMCBTDBMPB

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1330

Happiness makes up in height for what it lacks in length.

—ROBERT FROST.

The State *vs.* Faith

Religious Liberty and Conscience: A Constitutional Inquiry, *by Milton R. Konvitz (Viking. 116 pp. $4.50), probes among other questions whether the First Amendment protects atheism and such newly created creeds as the League of Spiritual Discovery, professed by Timothy Leary. The author of the recently published "Frontiers of Civil Liberties," Norman Dorsen is director of the Arthur Garfield Hays Civil Liberties Program at New York University.*

By NORMAN DORSEN

MANY CIVIL LIBERTARIANS, otherwise keenly responsive to the faintest possibility that individual liberties are in peril, are not sensitive to problems involving religious liberty. For example, when powerful groups were urging a Constitutional amendment to authorize religious prayers in public schools after these had been banned by the Supreme Court, a prominent member of the American Civil Liberties Union said that, except for the fact that he opposed tinkering with the Bill of Rights, he didn't care how the issue was decided.

This is a short-sighted view, and one that ignores the teachings of ancient and contemporary history as well as the strong urgings of the individual conscience that are affronted when government intrudes in religion. Though misguided, casualness regarding church-state problems is understandable in America, for we have managed to avoid gross interferences by the government with the realm of the spirit.

Not all nations have been so fortunate, as the status of religion in some totalitarian countries attests. Nor are democracies immune. Despite its robust and contentious political system, Israel still finds itself governed in many secular matters by the Orthodox rabbis and their political allies. That may have led, indirectly, to the publication of this probing volume on certain perplexing aspects of the relationship between church and state in the USA. For Milton Konvitz's book originated in the Paley Lectures on American Culture and Civilization at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. While the questions he raises are discussed in the context of American Constitutional theory, his audience in Israel no doubt profited greatly from his exposition of problems pertinent to any society uncertain over what to render Caeser and what to render God.

The catalogue of issues covered here is broad and basic. The author asks: What is religion? Is it possible to formulate a definition without seriously hurting the spirit of the First Amendment, which explicitly protects the "freedom of religion"? Does the First Amendment protect atheism? Does it protect "conscience" when it professes to be nonreligious?

This book provides considerable insight into these questions, which are capable of evoking deep and angry emotions. Professor Konvitz argues coolly and rationally, eschewing platitudes and epithets. His work, moreover, is informed by biblical and historical scholarship in addition to wide learning in Constitutional principles. Indeed, the graceful interplay between legal and other knowledge is the volume's most distinctive characteristic.

But make no mistake. This book is "argued." Professor Konvitz has a point of view, which can best be expressed by quoting one of his key passages:

> . . . not only should the questions of religious truth or falsity and of sincerity or hypocrisy of religious professions be beyond the cognizance of government, but even the very meaning or definition of "religion," as the term is used in the First Amendment, should be outside the area of governmental inquiry.

Professor Konvitz advances and tests his views by discussing many contempory cases. One of the more fascinating involves Timothy Leary, who has been convicted of the unlawful possession of marijuana, and sentenced to thirty years in prison. His case is now pending before the Supreme Court, and one of the issues is his right to use drugs (including pot, peyote and LSD) as part of the sacraments of a religion he has newly created, the League of Spiritual Discovery. As farfetched as this claim of religious liberty may first seem, Professor Konvitz's analysis is bound to leave the open-minded reader with considerable doubt whether justice was done to Leary in the lower federal courts.

In view of Konvitz's concern with topical issues, it is surprising that he does not consider the claims of conscientious objectors who seek exemption from military service in the Vietnam War although they do not object to service in all wars. These objectors maintain that their consciences forbid service in immoral or illegal conflicts, including that in Vietnam. Controversy has arisen in the courts and among religious groups as to whether these claims of conscience should be honored as "religious" or whether they merely express political views. Professor Konvitz does discuss the conventional conscientious objector, but not the "selective" CO; it would have been valuable to learn his ideas on such an important subject.

There is an old Russian proverb, "When one finishes another book, one knows another man." In this case it is an intelligent, sensitive and learned man.

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Mosaic of RFK

85 Days: The Last Campaign of Robert Kennedy, *by Jules Witcover (Putnam. 338 pp. $6.95),* ***The Unfinished Odyssey of Robert Kennedy,*** *by David Halberstam (Random House. 211 pp. $4.95), and* ***Robert F. Kennedy: Apostle of Change,*** *by Douglas Ross (Trident. 600 pp. $7.95), record the political actions and beliefs of the candidate who was for a few brief years one of the most admired and hated men in the U.S. Donald Young is senior editor for American history at the Encyclopedia Americana.*

By DONALD YOUNG

VIOLENCE IN THE CITIES and two assassinations were enough to make 1968 a bleak election year. But there was more. Many had hoped to see the "New Politics" prevail; it didn't happen. Senator McCarthy said that he had tested our electoral system and found its weaknesses: he also found it remarkably impervious to change. Hardly anyone denied the need to seek new avenues in foreign policy and to redirect the thrust of failing domestic programs, but most political leaders—including all the Presidential aspirants—were prisoners of situations largely beyond their control. In a scenario that took the form of classic tragedy, no candidate was master of his fate in 1968.

Granting the difficulties the candidates faced, the fact remains that all but one of them committed serious miscalculations which prematurely reduced their prospects. The exception, Richard Nixon, correctly measured a tide in the conscience of America, which, taken at the flood, led on to victory. Eugene McCarthy advanced only fitfully beyond the peace issue after Vietnam receded somewhat in the nation's concern. Nelson Rockefeller avoided the primaries even though only a victorious confrontation with Nixon could have shaken the latter's grip on the party leadership. Hubert Humphrey disheartened his liberal followers by his persistent support of the Vietnam War and by publicly endorsing Mayor Daley's fantasy that a tatterdemalion gaggle of juveniles was somehow a threat to public order.

It has been generally accepted that Robert Kennedy was the candidate who, by procrastinating and by misreading America's mood, did most damage to his own cause. *85 Days* and *The Unfinished Odyssey of Robert Kennedy* may soften that judgment. The authors, Jules Witcover, chief political writer for the Newhouse newspapers, and David Halberstam, a contributing editor for *Harper's Magazine*, were both friends of Kennedy, and both traveled with him during the last three months of his life.

In late 1967 Allard Lowenstein, co-chairman of the National Conference of Concerned Democrats, sought in vain to get Kennedy to become the anti-Administration candidate. Mr. Lowenstein eventually persuaded the relatively unknown Eugene McCarthy to take up the banner of dissent. Witcover describes Kennedy's failure to act at that time as "one colossal error of judgment that set his fate, and his efforts to overcome that fateful mistake determined the nature and the course of his candidacy." This view has the benefit of hindsight. Another possible conclusion, based on Witcover's own narrative, is that last winter's sequence of events seemed to preclude Kennedy's launching a winning campaign at any time. Kennedy really believed that if he were the first to challenge Johnson his action would be dismissed as a vendetta and would ruin his chances in 1972. McCarthy's announcement on November 30 of his own candidacy seemed the most futile of gestures.

But in March McCarthy polled 42 per cent of the Democratic primary vote in New Hampshire. The interim had been marked by the *Pueblo* incident and by the Tet offensive, which discredited the Administration's optimism about Vietnam. Thereafter, criticism of the President grew rapidly. About this time Kennedy's *To Seek a Newer World* appeared, challenging youth to act to effect change and to reject expediency and timidity. The irony of Kennedy's own caution was not lost on the Senator's erstwhile supporters, now organizing for McCarthy. Witcover and Halberstam confirm that these months were a time of anxiety for Kennedy, with most advisers and friends seeking to find some acceptable way for him to enter the campaign. With the stunning returns from New Hampshire, Kennedy could at last say that the split in the party already existed,

and that he could not be held responsible.

However, Robert Kennedy's situation in March was more desperate than ever. He could perhaps survive a gallant losing fight against an incumbent President in 1968, and try again in 1972. But, considering the shift of the college students and intellectuals to McCarthy, Kennedy had to face up to a really grim predicament—a predicament well stated by young Ralph in *Lord of the Flies*: "If I blow the conch and they don't come back; then we've had it." Kennedy sounded the call. Most of the old ones came back—veterans of the New Frontier who were ready to restore Camelot. But the young and the professors stayed with McCarthy. Witcover points out that Kennedy's reputation for "ruthlessness" resulted from the need to be ruthless against the wrong man, the "quiet underdog" McCarthy, who had to be knocked out in the primaries so that Kennedy could consolidate the anti-Administration forces. Had Kennedy been ruthless against Johnson "he might have been acclaimed for it." Furthermore, he now had to fashion an anomalous voting coalition comprising Negroes and blue-collar workers. It was, deliberately, the politics of hysteria, calculated to create a tide of enthusiasm which party leaders could not ignore. It worked, barely, against McCarthy in four out of five primaries; but in states controlled by bosses who supported the war and feared the threat to their old ways posed by the upstarts. Humphrey built up a lead.

The March-June phase of the contest for the Democratic nomination was the most dramatic political battle in years. Thousands, almost all of them young people, participated directly, and the rest of the country watched with awe this dual assault on traditional American political concepts and institutions. This fact is crucial in understanding why Witcover's book is an unqualified success and why Halberstam achieves only mixed results.

The latter invests his subjective narrative with a passion that is inevitably superfluous. To be sure, anyone who liked Kennedy, opposed the war, and sensed the moral duty of America to its own underprivileged will concur with Halberstam's characterization of the campaign. But such a reader will be reacting from his own emotions, for the events of 1968 are still close and a part of one's own viscera. Halberstam's impressionistic writing is often undisciplined and subject to aimless digression. Still, he is perceptive and accurate, and at his best effective. His book may be more significant in years to come, when Robert Kennedy is only the name of a brother who missed an office that another brother or two attained. It may help

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future readers to understand why, for a few brief years, he was one of the most admired and hated men in America.

Witcover has supplemented his own observations with extensive interviewing of other journalists and politicians, and has put together a day-by-day and sometimes hour-by-hour narrative that is always fast-paced, relevant, and engrossing. The facts speak for themselves, and with few exceptions Witcover refrains from judging men forced to make critical decisions under difficult circumstances. He turns up many unfamiliar details. For example: Kennedy had decided tentatively to announce his candidacy on March 7, before the country knew that McCarthy was gaining in New Hampshire, but he procrastinated further, until after McCarthy had captured the imagination of the peace forces. Kennedy decided to run, finally, only after the President had refused his curious proposal for a review commission to take a fresh look at the war. Kennedy tried to persuade Walter Cronkite to run for the Senate from New York. And in this most illogical campaign Kennedy's most controversial speech, in which he charged that Johnson "is calling upon the darker impulses of the American spirit," was written by Richard Goodwin, who was employed by McCarthy at the time.

The reader follows the boisterous campaign trail through Indiana, Nebraska, Oregon, and California, knowing how it will end. Witcover avoids the pitfalls that prompted criticism of the celebrated accounts of John Kennedy's death. He skillfully develops a sense of foreboding that at first seems as unreal as raindrops falling from a cloudless sky. While Halberstam ends his book just before Kennedy's victory speech in Los Angeles, Witcover allots sixty pages to the assassination—which he witnessed—and its aftermath. The first six of these pages recreate a single moment of paralyzing terror: the struggle for a gun that waves wildly as five more victims fall, the screams and curses and blood, the photographers jostling to get near the fallen Senator. It is great reporting, and it is almost unbearable.

In *Robert F. Kennedy: Apostle of Change* Douglas Ross, a legislative assistant to the late Senator, has assembled hundreds of excerpts from Kennedy's speeches, press releases, magazine articles, and books, and published them as a review of Kennedy's public record. The selections, arranged topically, are for the most part candid and hard-hitting. This collection is not the Compleat Bobby, but it is almost 600 pages of him, and the rush of anger, frustration, and calls to greatness is more than one can comfortably absorb in two or three sittings. Ross's chapter introductions are themselves brief definitions of the problems that confront us. And he, too, can be sharp-tongued: "Teachers—particularly the men—tend to be the dregs of the educated labor force. . . ."

There was a surprising breadth to Kennedy's concern for his fellow men. He spoke not just for the Negro or the resident of Appalachia or others who come most immediately to mind. He deplored the dilemma forced on college students caught in the crossfire of the feud between the NCAA and the AAU. He spoke for a group that has few votes and little political influence—the American Indians.

Only after 1964, when he ran for the Senate, did Kennedy move far beyond the field of law enforcement and investigation with which he had been primarily identified. In the chapter entitled "Cities, Slums, and Suburbs" none of the forty excerpts predate 1964. Ross believes that Kennedy was generally unaware of the plight of the American Negro as late as 1961. In the early 1960s he was a hawk on Vietnam, but he died a dove—with qualifications—who sought a solution short of unilateral withdrawal.

ROSS asserts that "Robert Kennedy entered public life without a considered, coherent set of political and social principles. Preferring to focus on specific problems and their solution, he never outlined the beliefs that constituted the philosophic foundation of his actions." Perhaps because he was not an ideologist he was able to recognize that traditional liberal concepts often were not producing acceptable results in the late 1960s.

Although Kennedy chafed at the slow-moving machinery of the Senate and seemed uncomfortable in its clubby atmosphere, he knew the value of that body as a forum. The excerpts from his Senate speeches and statements reflect the careful preparation he demanded of his staff. For example, his curt dismissal of the attempt by a majority of the state legislatures to preserve their rotten borough system is a model of terse analysis.

Kennedy is silent now, and one listens for new voices. The supply of effective and charismatic leaders is never large. Can anyone believe that the Progressive Era would have run its full epic course if in the first five years of this century assassin's bullets had felled Theodore Roosevelt, Robert LaFollette, and Louis Brandeis—then all in their forties? We have lost their potential equivalent in the last five years. How many men will say, as Kennedy said, "We cannot measure national spirit by the Dow-Jones average or national achievement by the gross national product. For the gross national product includes air pollution and advertising for cigarettes, and ambulances to clear our highways of carnage. It counts special locks for our doors and jails for the people who break them. The gross national product includes the destruction of the redwoods, and the death of Lake Superior. It grows with the production of napalm and missiles and nuclear warheads. . . It includes Whitman's rifle and Speck's knife. . . ."?

Few, one fears. Too few.

Gila

By Harold Witt

WHERE what grows best is gnarled and needled,
sluggish in the sun
a stump legged bag goes glinting beaded,
a purple orange one,
through mica miles and overheated
crack and sand and stone,
and we must question—is it needed?—
the only lizard known
which, if it sinks its teeth in,
holds on and won't let go—
it chews and oozes serum
while what we want to know
as axiom or theorem
is—why such venoms flow.
A desert jaw that won't fit in
with what we like to think—
an error in the burning wind
miraged upon a blank?—
but just as there as we are,
prodding it to tell
if such a wild survival
is mad or logical.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 8: Olaf, loaf, foal.

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Crime, Suspense

THE DAME. By Richard Stark. Macmillan. $4.50.

THE HAUNTED MONASTERY. By Robert Van Gulik. Scribners. $3.95.

Current Affairs

MAXIMUM FEASIBLE MISUNDERSTANDING: Community Action in the War on Poverty. By Daniel Moynihan. Macmillan. $4.50.

VIETNAM WILL WIN! By Wilfred G. Burchett. Guardian. Hardbound, $7.50. Paperback, $2.45.

Fiction

ALL LIE IN WAIT. By William Samelson. Prentice-Hall. $5.95.

THE FINAL DIAGNOSIS. By Arthur Hailey. Doubleday. $5.95.

THE GOLD AND SILVER HOOKS. By Ruth Moore. Morrow. $5.95.

IN AND OUT OF NEVER-NEVER LAND. By Maeve Brennan. Scribners. $5.95.

THE LOST QUEEN. By Norah Lofts. Doubleday. $5.95.

MAUNDY. By Julian Gloag. Simon & Schuster. $5.95.

THE OTHER MAN'S SHOES. By Abraham Rothberg. Simon & Schuster. $6.95.

THE WINDING STAIR. By Jane Aiken Hodge. Doubleday. $5.95.

History

THE FIGHTING TRIPLANES. By Evan Hadingham. Macmillan. $9.95.

A HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By John R. Alden. Knopf. $10.

Miscellany

CALIFORNIA: A Literary Chronicle. Edited by W. Storrs Lee. Funk & Wagnalls. $10.

THE JAPANESE FIGHTING ARTS. Edited by John Goodbody. Barnes. $10.

JOHNNY. By Owenita Sanderlin. Barnes. $5.95.

JOSEPH CONRAD'S FICTION: A Study in Literary Growth. By John A. Palmer. Cornell. $8.50.

LIVING ROOM WAR. By Michael J. Arlen. Viking. $5.95.

MORE UNKEMPT THOUGHTS. By Stanislaw J. Lec. Funk & Wagnalls. $3.95.

SMALL ANTIQUES FOR A SMALL HOME. By Sheila Stuart. Barnes. $10.

Personal History

NEITHER TO LAUGH NOR TO WEEP: A Memoir of the Armenian Genocide. By Abraham Hartunian. Beacon. $7.50.

Poetry

31 NEW AMERICAN POETS. Edited by Ron Schreiber. Hill & Wang. Hardbound, $5.95. Paperback, $2.45.

THE WEATHER OF SIX MORNINGS. By Jane Cooper. Macmillan. $3.95.

Religion

THE JUDGEMENT OF THE DEAD: The Idea of Life After Death in the Major Religions. By S. G. F. Brandon. Scribners. $6.95.

THE POLITICS OF RELIGIOUS CONFLICT. By Richard E. Morgan. Pegasus. Hardbound, $6. Paperback, $1.95.

Science Fiction

THE PHOENIX AND THE MIRROR. By Avram Davidson. Doubleday. $4.95.

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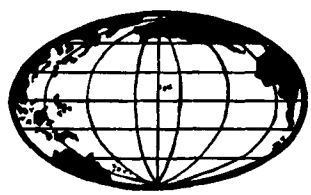

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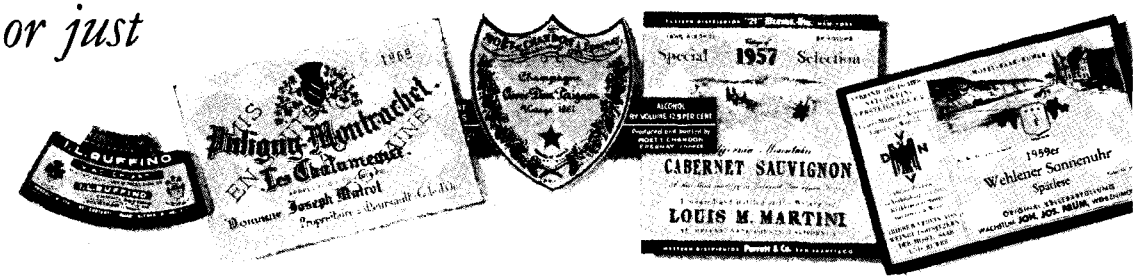

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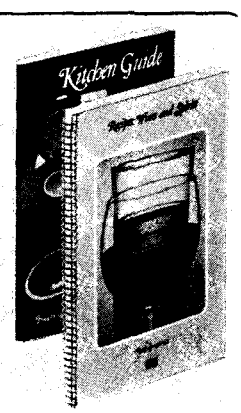

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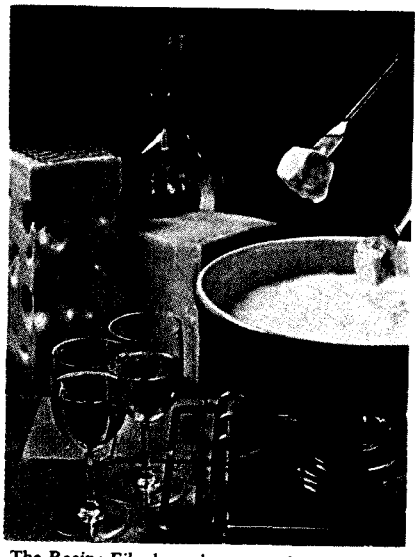

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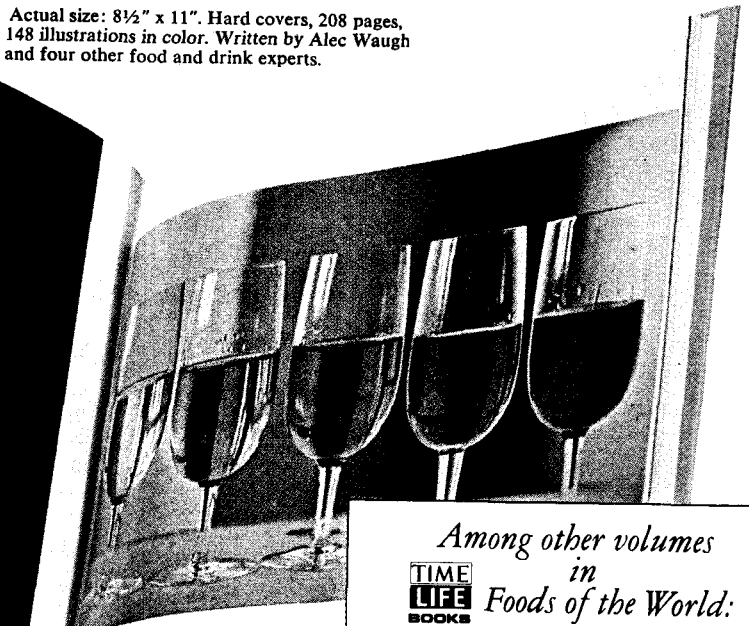

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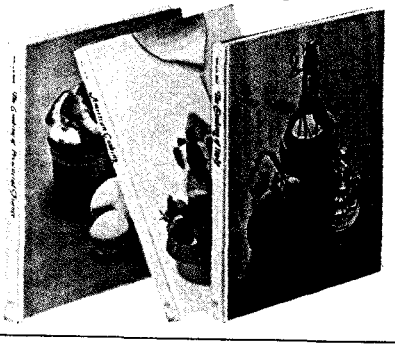

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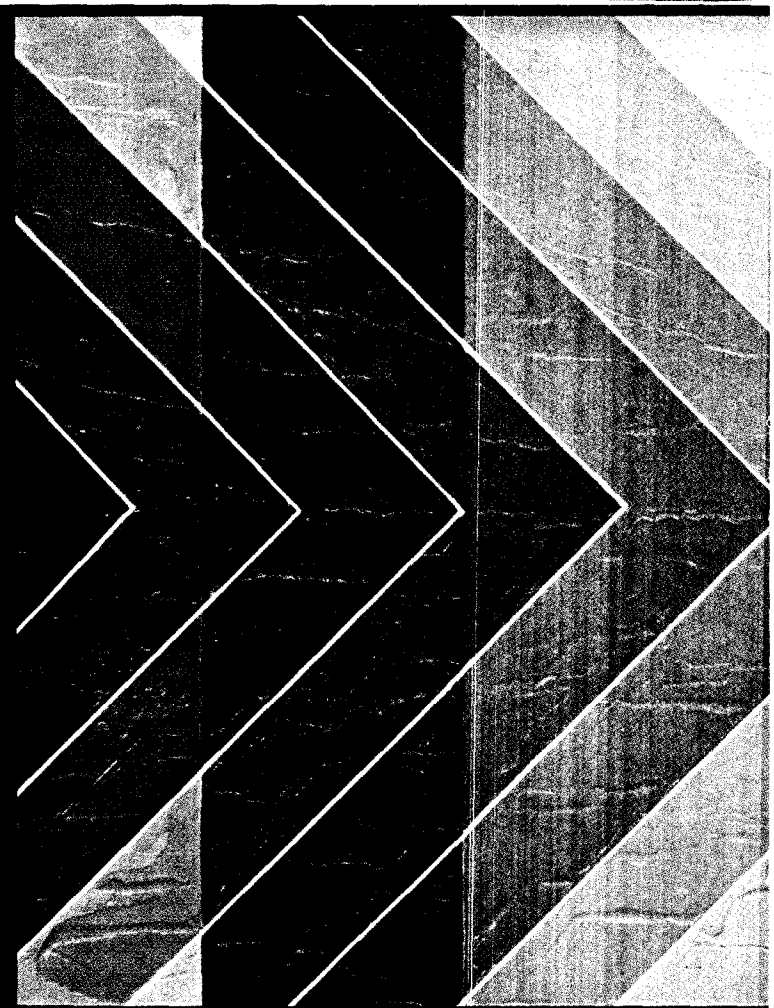

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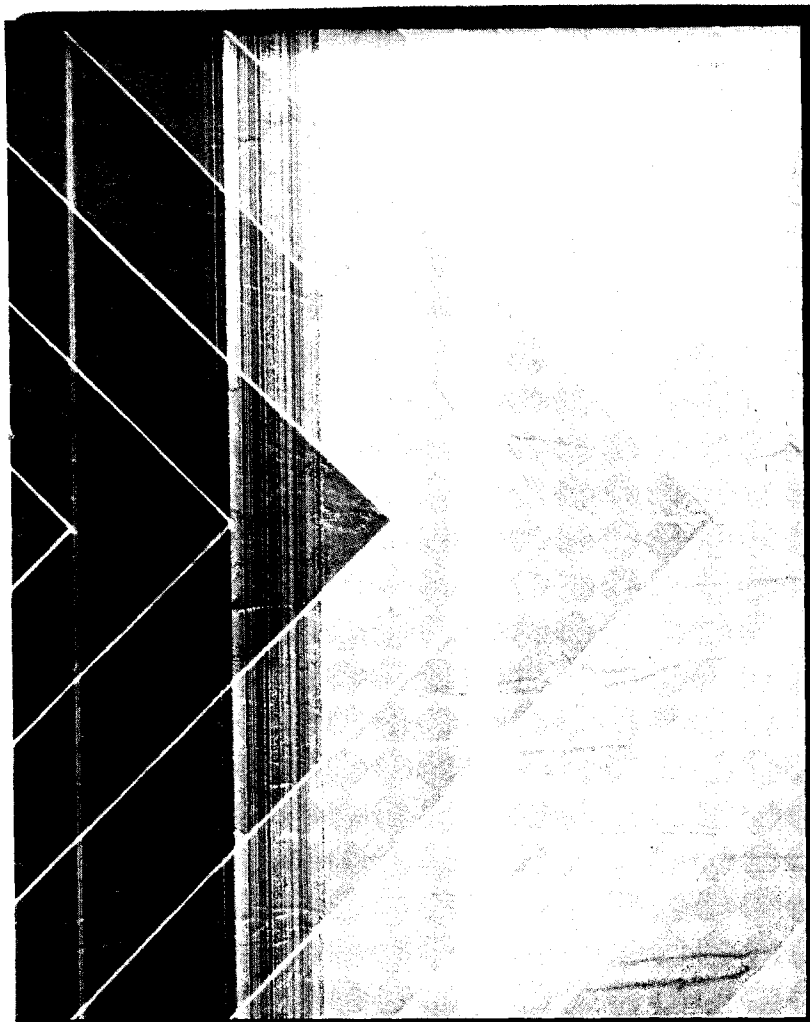

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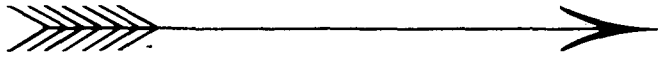

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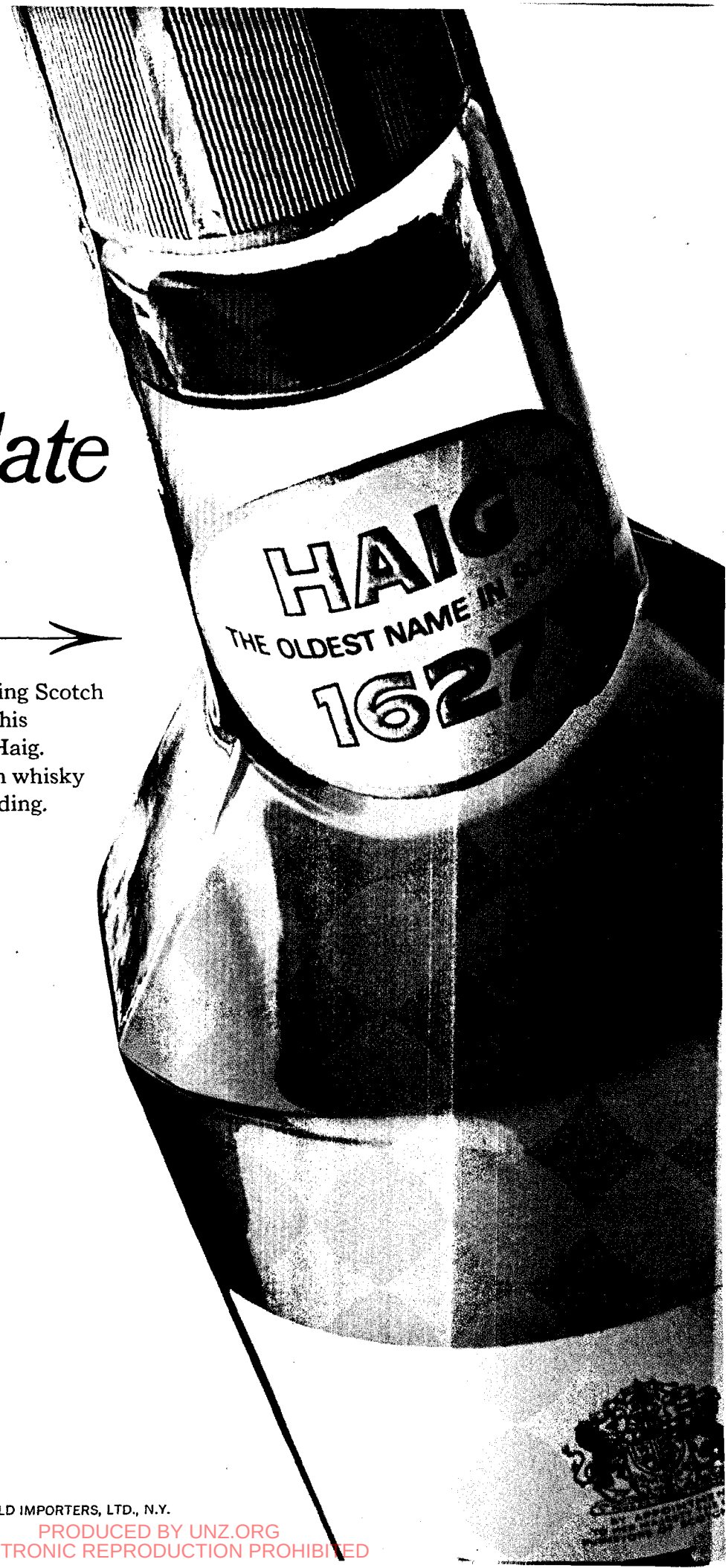

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Booked for Travel

Edited by David Butwin

Westward Ho the Station Wagons

FROM THE WINDOW of a small plane, the western Arizona desert looks no more inviting than those murky photos the astronauts took of the moon last December. Five years ago Las Vegas might have given even money on which of the two gravelly destinations would be inhabited first, but now, despite the achievements of *Apollo 8* and the lofty aspirations of the Russian cosmonauts, the odds are with Arizona. The moon may be made of American cheese or even *tome de Savoie*, but Lake Havasu City, Arizona, has the London Bridge.

In truth London still has most of the bridge, but the ancient granite blocks are slowly being pried loose from the Thames, steered by boat to southern California and trucked to Lake Havasu City—a pre-planned community 235 miles east of Los Angeles on the Arizona-California border. From 1964 to 1968, some 4,000 people settled on the rim of Lake Havasu, a 45-mile-long bulge in the Colorado River which is churned up each summer by marauding water-skiers but turns flat as a mirage in winter. Now that McCulloch Oil Corporation, founder and planner of the city, has pulled off the biggest promotional coup since—well, since Florida imported the *Queen Elizabeth* and Long Beach, California, bought the *Queen Mary*—a land boomlet is expected in sagebrush country.

As yet only one highly polished piece of granite has been transplanted in the desert, that one lowered into place last September by the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Gilbert Inglefield, who must have felt mirage-like himself in the black and gold robes of his office standing among a band of ceremonial Indian dancers. I wonder if he winced at the sound of local school children singing "London Bridge is going up."

Work will begin in earnest any day, the bridge scheduled for completion late in 1970. Then a channel will be dug so a man-made tributary of the Colorado will flow beneath the time-blackened stones by May 1971. Engineers of the rocky puzzle have given thought to scrubbing the bridge thoroughly before its American debut, an undertaking which strikes me as not only tedious but unnecessary. If I'd paid $2,400,000 for all that ballast, I think I'd keep the dirt too.

At cocktail parties from London to Lake Havasu City whenever the subject of American business initiative is raised, somebody tells the story about the California tycoon who outbid all comers for the architecturally ordinary London Bridge, thinking he was getting the Tower Bridge, a quaint and turreted relic. Robert P. McCulloch, Jr., who helped his father close the deal with the Corporation of The City of London last April, tires of hearing the joke. McCulloch, thirty-one, who is supervising the layout of Lake Havasu City for McCulloch Properties, will laugh far into the night at memories of his joy ride through Choate and Stanford, flying a small plane into the teeth of a mountain blizzard, of gallivanting with his college roommate, John Brodie, now quarterback of the San Francisco 49ers. "But what about the bridge joke?" you ask again, and the dour Scot emerges. Pressed further, he finally tells.

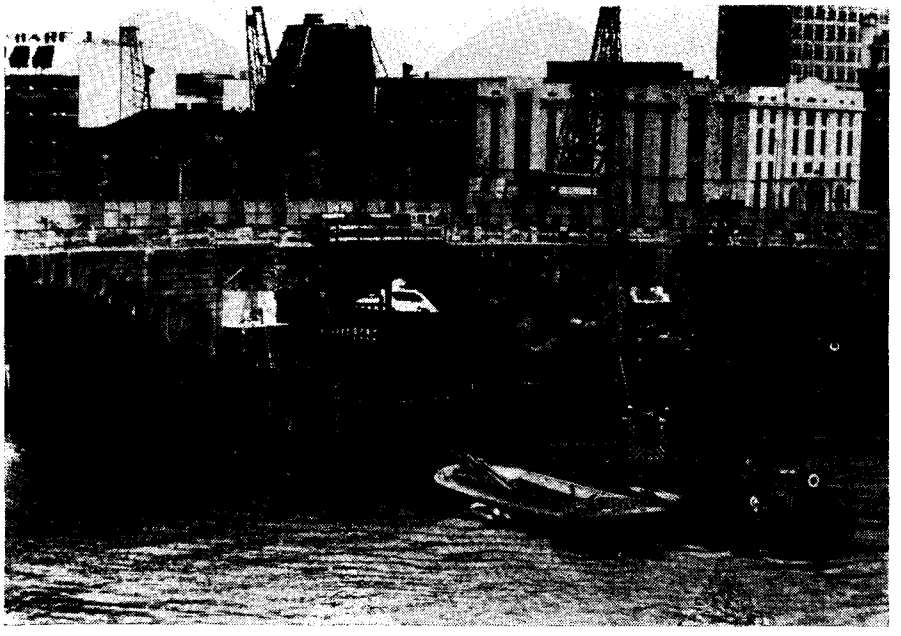
"It doesn't make much sense, that story. I think it's just as demeaning to McCulloch as it is to the people in London who sold us the bridge. They wanted to get rid of it because it was sinking into the Thames and they needed a bigger bridge to handle all the traffic, so they put it up for bid. I think they made a good sale and we made a good buy. We damn well knew what we were getting. Where the joke started, Bob Hope said it on TV one night, and you know where he heard it first? From the PR firm who does our publicity! It seems a young writer on the staff thought it might stir up some interest in Lake Havasu City. He's an ex-writer now."

McCulloch, Jr., and C. V. Wood, Jr., president of McCulloch Oil Corporation, first heard the bridge was available last February when they came to New York in search of a promotional scheme to make the desert city go. "A friend called," McCulloch said, the hale-fellow tone returning to his voice. "Right out of the blue he says, 'You want to buy the Queen Mary?' He was serious. He wanted us to go in with him. He's this big New York real estate tycoon, always has a million things going. But I needed something in Havasu. Then he says, 'What about the London Bridge?'

"Look, I can laugh about the bridge too. When I was coming out of the meeting in London last April when we signed the papers, I saw a headline at the corner newsstand, and it said: LONDON BRIDGE SOLD TO APACHES. I loved it."

Londoners, incidentally, don't seem demoralized by the loss. It's one thing, I suppose, to watch a fabled empire slip away and quite another to part with two ships and a bridge. You can find a crowd gathered any day watching the bridge come down, but the railbirds appear more curious than nostalgic. One morning in November I joined the lineup at the balustrades and peered over the edge to see nothing but a mop-haired young workman in coveralls eating his lunch on a barge moored to a stone support. Nary a spectator—well, one—lifted his gaze from the gray waters when a pretty young girl in an unconscionably short skirt stepped into line and looked dreamily downward.

Doubtless the burghers of Lake Havasu City will congregate with the same raptness when the bridge begins to mount in Arizona. There is little to see now, the single stone laid by the Lord



—*Laurence Laurie & Associates.*

Unhinging the bridge—"Londoners don't seem demoralized by the loss."

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Mayor resting in solitary peace within a wrought-iron cage, while off in a wire-enclosed compound the first shipments of Aberdeen, Cornwall, and Devon blocks stand in rows like scarred tombstones.

Joe Coombs, the engineer in charge of the rebuilding job, envisions mighty tourist appeal for the bridge. "I realize," he said, "it's nowhere near as spectacular as the Leaning Tower of Pisa or the Coliseum, but it's enough of an attraction to bring the great American traveler off U.S. 66 (20 miles north). We know that the bridge is enough to get them here, but it may not be enough to hold them here overnight. So we plan to build hotels, restaurants, and shops in a kind of crown-colonies atmosphere. We could even work in the Middle East as long as the British motif is there. I'd like to see a couple of London cabs and maybe a two-decker bus too."

Clearly the purchase of the bridge has been a boon to townsfolk as well as McCulloch Properties, which set out to create a self-sustaining "instant city" dependent on light industry and resort appeal with an optimum population of 100,000 after twenty years but must have wondered after four years where all the people were going to come from. For starters, McCulloch arranged for the building of a circular post office and an octagonal library, imported 11,000 palm trees from Indio, California, and launched the Lake Havasu City Outboard World Championships. But it took the bridge deal to make Havasu a household word. Since then, footloose Midlanders seeking a new start far from the crush of Zenith City and motoring vacationers following U.S. 66 from Grand Canyon to Disneyland have been drawn to the site like prospectors to the Mother Lode.

—Laurence Laurie & Associates.

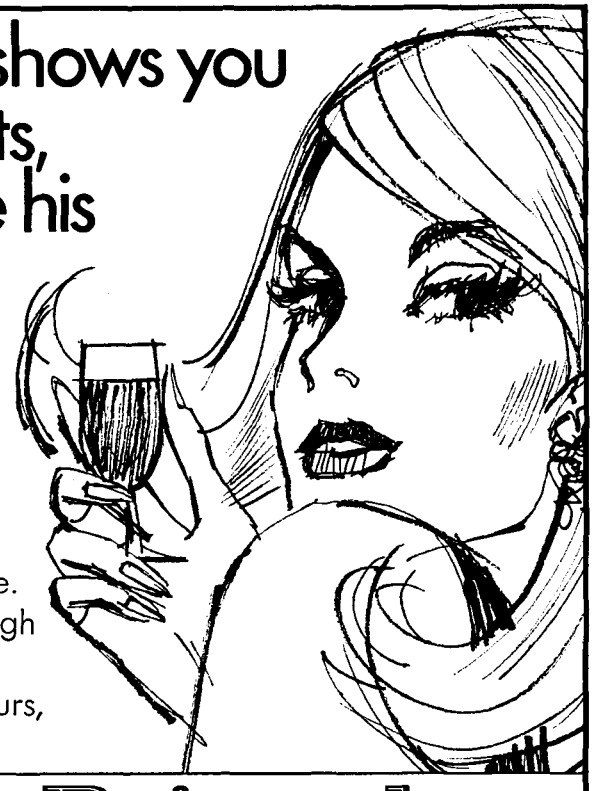
First shipment to Havasu—"standing in rows like scarred tombstones."

Other than the bridge, the only piece of antiquity I saw in Lake Havasu City was an old fire truck. There is a touch of newness and freshness to everything. One gets the impression that the townsfolk, no matter what their ages, are starting new and fresh too. "Wherever they came from," Coombs said, "most of these people wanted out. They weren't satisfied to be living in Chicago without an identity, without knowing anyone in their apartment building. Here, we have no cliques, no Establishment. Here, they're on their own and they will be accepted on their own. A man is no longer 'the boss's son.' He can make it on his own. I've lived on the desert since 1953 and I don't want to go back to the city. I don't know what social pressures are any more, and I don't want to know."

By station wagon, bus, and plane (the city airport handles all but the big jets), people come to Havasu with the dogged spirit of nineteenth-century pioneers. When the menfolk meet for coffee each morning at the Nautical Inn, one of four motels in town, they talk not of fighting Indians or patching buckboards, but of how to boost their television reception to get the station in Phoenix. Yet in their voices you hear the hardiness, the Marlboro manliness of a bygone age. Some men look the part too. Fred Schumacher, executive director of the city project, would not appear out of place sitting on a cracker barrel in a general store spinning yarns about the gold strike he almost made. His voice is so deep it seems to come from the bottom of a mine shaft.

Jim Hale is another. Prodded, he will talk at length about growing up on the Oklahoma plains with Indian tribes, but when he takes you out in a boat, he defers to the peace and serenity of Lake Havasu. On a lucky cruise you will see

After he shows you his Monets, ask to see his Marie Brizards.



If he has taste enough to own Marie Brizard liqueurs, consider him eligible. And if he's rich enough to own all 18 Marie Brizard liqueurs, marry him.

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Marie Brizard Liqueurs. 50-100 Proof. © Imported by Schieffelin & Co., New York

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a huge ram come to the edge of the lake to drink, or a herd of wild burros, descendants of animals that broke away from mining camps years ago when Mohave County meant the end of the rainbow to seekers of precious ore.

Some of the mining towns still exist in ghostly form. Oatman, 50 miles northwest of Lake Havasu City, enjoyed a brief revival when Hollywood came out to shoot a scene from *How the West Was Won*, but it since has fallen into ramshackle obscurity. I drove into Oatman on a bright, cool morning in December, the last of an overnight snow dripping off the roofs and onto the boardwalk along the main street. There is one hotel with twenty-two rooms, but seldom is a bed occupied. In the hotel lobby there was a pool table with a cover on it, a potbelly stove in one corner, and an old man in coveralls snoring in a deep, worn chair. Lloyd Moss, the hotel owner, was alone in the bar sorting through the morning mail. His white moustache, red shirt, and suspenders put him right at home. "We got a population of fifty," he said. "Forty widows, ten prospectors, and an s.o.b.—me. Why, at one time Oatman had a floating population of 20,000. Nah, most of us are pensioners. A miner doesn't live very long. I'm an engineer or else I'd be busted."

Like all men once stricken with gold fever, Moss still hopes the $35-per-ounce ceiling on gold will be removed so the thousands of mines can be worked again. Newspaper clippings on the subject are tacked all over the walls of the bar, the most recent a column dated December 14, 1968, in which David Kennedy, then Secretary-designate of the Treasury, hinted that the Nixon Administration might consider raising the price of gold. It doesn't matter to Moss that Mr. Nixon himself quashed the report the very next day: There still is hope.

Climbing higher into the mountains outside Oatman, you pass abandoned mine shafts, and then beside a bend in the road you come to the town of Goldroad—or what remains of it—a clutter of crumbled stone huts, rusted corrugated-iron scrap, empty powder cans half buried on a hillside. Once, according to Moss, Goldroad was home to 3,000 Mexican laborers imported to work a rich silver mine. Standing in the rubble looking out across the sagebrush and mesquite to a bluish mountain range in the distance, you can hear nothing but the wind whistling softly across your face, and you realize a man doesn't have to travel 240,000 miles into space to feel small. —D. B.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 H h (Malvolio), 2 G d, 3 I b (Mistress Quickly), 4 A f, 5 B g, 6 C c, 7 D d, 8 F a, 9 E f (Laurence), 10 J e (Bottom)

The Theater

Henry Hewes

Spirit Power

DALLAS.

DESPITE HER tragic death at the age of forty-three, Margo Jones occupies an extraordinary position in the history of the American theater. When she founded her professional resident theater here in 1945, it was the beginning of a movement that has since expanded to some seventy-five such organizations in the United States and Canada. No doubt these theaters would have come into being anyway, but in those days it was Margo's example that encouraged the struggling new groups. It is also significant that two of the earliest professional resident theaters were founded by women directors, and used in-the-round staging like Margo's. Nina Vance, who inaugurated Houston's Alley Theatre in 1947, and Zelda Fichandler, who created Washington, D.C.'s Arena Stage in 1950, were both nourished by Margo's dynamic spirit.

But equally important was Margo Jones's reckless enthusiasm for presenting new plays. In her ten years of operation she produced fifty-eight of them. Some turned out splendidly, such as Tennessee Williams's *Summer and Smoke*, William Inge's *The Dark at the Top of the Stairs*, and Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee's *Inherit the Wind*. But the majority of them severely tested the patience of her loyal Dallas subscribers. Nevertheless, she was able to inculcate a sense of adventure in her audiences, and her eagerness to present any minimally hopeful new play was immensely valuable to playwrights who otherwise would have had to wait years before some producer would take a chance on them.

In gratitude, playwrights Lawrence and Lee set up two annual Margo Jones Awards. One is given to a producer who has consistently—and usually unprofitably—insisted upon presenting new plays. And the other goes to individuals who have self-effacingly labored to develop new playwrights in workshop or school conditions.

Now Margo Jones's spirit has been further honored by the creation of the Margo Jones Experimental Theatre at Southern Methodist University here in Dallas. The 150-seat theater, which will coexist with the larger Bob Hope Theatre inside the Ruth Collins Sharp Theatre Arts Building, was paid for by a $200,000 gift from Mr. and Mrs. Eugene McDermott.

The new theater is a splendidly equipped room that can be rearranged in a variety of audience-stage relationships. Thus it provides the SMU theater department with the means whereby it can train its students in the techniques of thrust stage, in-the-round, and environmental performance.

Under the direction of SMU's Theater Arts Department chairman, Burnet M. Hobgood, the theater was officially unveiled with a handsome production of *Othello*, selected because it was the last play to have been produced at Margo's theater before its demise in 1959. Using a thrust stage arrangement, the familiar tragedy is performed smoothly and with a high degree of technical excellence by a company of student actors. The title role is played by Joel Colodner as more Spanish than African, and an easygoing Mediterranean atmosphere prevails throughout. In general, our interest in the individual characters' predicaments is subordinated to the total story.

One might criticize SMU for opening an "experimental" theater with such a conventional production. However, Mr. Hobgood has indicated that the future policy of this theater will be to seek out and perform as many new scripts as possible, and not to be deterred by the possibility of unfavorable audience response. For the opening, however, it was enough to let theatergoers know that a fine new facility with personnel capable of using it adroitly are here to be used in the spirit of Margo Jones.

Another Margo Jones first was her 1950 presentation of the world premiere of Sean O'Casey's *Cock-a-Doodle Dandy*. Now at long last this "satirical-fantastical" work, which the great playwright regarded as one of his best, has reached Broadway under the aegis of the APA-Phoenix Repertory Company.

As directed by Donald Moffat and Jack O'Brien, the new production is spotty, with the actors employing widely varying degrees of Irish dialect in their attempts to have fun with the byplay. There is a house that shakes and lights up crazily whenever it is invaded by a naughty, oversized rooster. And Richard Easton is genuine and engaging as a youthful spokesman for O'Casey. So generally we enjoy the great playwright's spirited anger at all the forces that he saw as preventing the Irish from living joyous lives. Appreciation of spirit is, it would seem, an underrated part of the theatergoing experience.

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

Hail, Harkness, Hail!

THE HARKNESS BALLET, which will soon celebrate its fifth birthday, in this short span of time has become a major force in the highly competitive world of dance. As a troupe of dancers, it's dreamy; it's groovy; it's young; it's sophisticated. What a combination! Its repertory is fresh—not one old chestnut on the bill of fare—yet the technique and elegance of classical ballet at its most dazzling is given stunning representation as well as works which are pure modern dance or ethnic-flavored exotica.

Indeed, one of its dancers once joshed that the Harkness repertory was the only one in the world which could present three full programs in which every ballet would include a rape, or near-rape, scene and never once repeat itself. But this same repertory also boasts Anton Dolin's *Variations for Four Plus Four* and Benjamin Harkarvy's *Grand Pas Espagnol*, showpieces of virtuosity which would have illumined the Maryinsky in St. Petersburg in the grandest era of the Russian Imperial Ballet. The former—with a score by Margaret Keogh (on Verdi themes) and scenery and costumes by Tom Lingwood—and the latter—set to Moszkowski and with costumes by Joop Stokvis—demand nothing less than dancers of star caliber, not just athletic kids, mind you, but polished artists. Harkness has them.

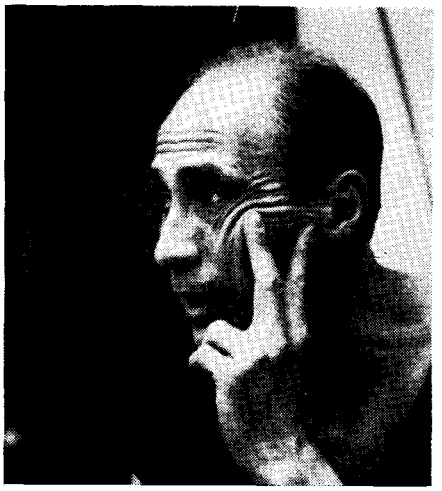
Five of the troupe's six principals are in both these display pieces—Lawrence Rhodes, Lone Isaksen, Elisabeth Carroll, Helgi Tomasson, Finis Jhung—and what they accomplish in terms of classical dancing is breathtaking. In both, you would also find your attention turning to a beautiful, assured, gifted young soloist, Marina Eglevsky, whose father, André, was one of the world's greatest *danseurs* not many years ago, and whose mother, Leda Anchutina, used to enchant an earlier ballet public with her fleetness of movement and irresistible smile.

The versatility of the principals is almost to be expected in ballet repertories as they are today, but to find the performing standards equally high in classical, dramatic, modern, and avant-garde is a special treat. Rhodes himself, of course, is nothing short of remarkable. At twenty-nine, he is the director of the company—and appears to be doing a fine job of it. If he is in the category of a d'Amboise or a Villella in matters of technical prowess, he is also an actor-dancer of superb accomplishment as attested to by his heart-tearing quietly dramatic characterizations of the tormented poet, Rimbaud, in John Butler's powerful portrait of one drawn to both homosexuality and heterosexuality, *A Season in Hell* (music of Peggy Glanville-Hicks and scenery and costumes by Rouben Ter-Arutunian); and as the embattled, tortured hero of a truly monumental *Monument for a Dead Boy*, by the Dutch choreographer, Rudi van Dantzig (to an electronic score by Jan Boerman).

Rhodes is important as director, classical dancer, actor-dancer, colleague-of-other-dancers to the Harkness Ballet; but the contributions of others—the principals I have mentioned, the soloists, the corps, the batterie of international choreographers, the support and guidance of the producer-benefactress herself, Rebekah Harkness—are the ingredients which have produced, developed, and brought the flush of triumph to the Harkness Ballet.

—*Martha Swope.*

Helgi Tomasson, Lone Isaksen, Lawrence Rhodes of the Harkness Ballet —"what they accomplish in terms of classical dancing is breathtaking."



—*Photo: Robert Pavlik.*

José Limón—"commanding dignity."

I've talked about the performing and choreographic skills of the Harkness Ballet in terms of classical dance and dramatic dance. But let me say that there is no lovelier pure dance work, sculptural in contour, kinetically pulsating, and muscularly lyrical, than Norman Walker's *Night Song* (Hovhaness). The entire ensemble is captivating in it, but if you have a camera in your eyes, you'll record forever the incredible air-turns to a kneeling position which Dennis Wayne dances (not just executes, but truly dances) in a diagonal across the stage. In this phrase alone, one is witness to a distillation of that purity which inhabits both the animal and the poet.

There is laughter too, and you will find this in a new production of Todd Bolender's *Souvenirs*—with Samuel Barber's music and Ter-Arutunian's delicious period (1912) décor and costumes. In this ballet about high (and decidedly low) jinks in a resort hotel, you'll love (and this is a promise) Hester Fitzgerald as a not-too-constant wife, Michael Tipton as a masher convinced of his own irresistible charm, Salvatore Aiello as a *primo gigolo assoluto* (if there is such a term), and Bonnie Mathis as a Theda Bara-type vamp, with a snarl, a hiss, and a pelvic walk which have to be seen to be believed.

There were, inevitably, some lesser moments during the first part of the three-week stand at the Music Box, one of Broadway's most delightful theaters. One, ironically, was van Dantzig's *Moments* to music of Webern (in its U.S. premiere). It had some quite brilliant and arresting designs—*die Augen blicken* kind—but the continuing choreographic patterns seemed diffuse. Harkarvy's *Madrigalesco*, despite exquisite perform-

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ing, was bland, harmless, lacking the soft glow of the Vivaldi music. But then there were many exuberant pieces—among them *Canto Indio*—choreographed by Brian Macdonald (formerly director of the Harkness Ballet) to the sunny Aztec-Spanish music of Chávez, and performed like bursts of Mexican sunlight by Miss Carroll and Tomasson. But more on the Harkness successes next week.

The ambitious and generally rewarding Festival of Dance 68-69, which ran for weeks at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, moved on to Broadway's Billy Rose Theater under the auspices of Richard Barr's and Edward Albee's Theater 1969. The first week was given over to Merce Cunningham and his avant-garde offerings, and the second to José Limón, who is now old-guard modern dance.

I wish I could offer an enthusiastic report about everything that these two major figures in America's modern dance offered. But I must report that the Harkness Ballet's excursions into *Augen blicken* images, and responses to electronic sounds seemed to me more avant-garde than the Cunningham efforts (and more entertaining). The ballet's investigation into the dramas of the human heart—as seen by the American Ballet Theatre or Harkness—were more modern than contemporary Limón.

Cunningham and the marvelous Carolyn Brown danced beautifully (as did his entire group), and *How to Pass, Kick, Fall, and Run*, with John Cage and David Vaughan as narrators, was great fun, as it always is, but more so audibly than visually. Limón's *The Moor's Pavane* remains his choreographic masterpiece, a remarkable movement essence of the Othello story. But his later pieces tend to run on and on, and—all too often—indulge in trite emotionalism. The disciplining, inspirational hand of his late artistic director, Doris Humphrey—herself a choreographic great—is sorely missed. But Limón does boast the dancing presence of Louis Falco—athlete, dancer, actor, artist—and the excellent Sarah Stackhouse. His own bearing, in his increasingly rare appearances, is something to cherish; for he is man himself—strong, eager, noble, with the commanding dignity of a grand old hero. But increasingly, it seems that ballet, once a stick-in-the-mud for tradition, has hoisted its sails and is catching up with modern dance, if it has not already passed it by.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In* WORLD OF DANCE *(Feb. 1), the New York production of "Bluebeard's Castle" should have been credited to the New York City Opera and not the New York City Ballet.*

Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

O'Hearn's New "Rosenkavalier"; Composer-Conductor Walton

ALT WIEN has rarely looked so resplendent at the Metropolitan as it does currently in Robert O'Hearn's sparkling settings for its new production of Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier*. The palatial boudoir for Act I, slightly (and suitably) garish interior for the parvenu Faninal's reception hall in Act II, and dimly clandestine *Extrazimmer* of the Inn (Act III) are the product of the same drawing board that has provided the Metropolitan with its fine *Meistersinger, Frau ohne Schatten*, and *Hänsel und Gretel*. As a totality, it is the most spacious and theatrically satisfying *Rosenkavalier* design the Met has had since it started giving Strauss's comic masterpiece in 1913.

This is not really saying as much as might be surmised, for the very first was succeeded in 1922 by another from Vienna (both based on the classic concept of Alfred Roller) which, in various guises, served the Metropolitan downtown. For the 1955-56 season, Rolf Gérard was commissioned to perform something like cosmetic surgery on the old flats, and provide a forecurtain. That was the scenic history of *Rosenkavalier* at the Metropolitan, until that indefatigable benefactor, Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., provided the necessary green stuff to give the green light for O'Hearn's fantasy and taste.

Mostly traditional in its elements, O'Hearn's creation is nevertheless not conventional. This relates not so much to the option of putting the bed of Act I on stage left rather than right, but rather to the placement of entrances and exits in ways to facilitate the action and broaden the normal stage picture. In Act I, this is achieved by providing a big bay window (St. Stephen's is visible in the distance) to frame some action of the levée scene; in Act II, by huge, transparent doors between the reception area and the staircases leading to it; and, in Act III, by conceiving the room in which Ochs has his rendezvous with Octavian-Mariandl not merely as a *Zimmer* but as a vaulted private chamber in a *Rathskeller*, say.

Best of all, the O'Hearn production gives every promise of durability. This is well, for it encourages the hope that it will, eventually, frame a cast of performers truly worthy of it. The present one, under the always authoritative if sometimes unrelentingly forceful direction of Karl Böhm, has the names to suggest a rounded result. But, as the indoctrinated operagoer knows, names are no guaranteed answer to the query: "What did you do last night?"

As names, those of Leonie Rysanek as the Marschallin and Christa Ludwig as Octavian have prior Metropolitan connotations. Both performed the roles in the bygone downtown house, though in rather different chronological circumstances. As of 1959, when Ludwig was first seen as Octavian, she was a young performer of almost unbearable promise, straining at all the fences that hedge in the young. Rysanek's Marschallin, also new in the same year, was the effort of a performer well launched on her career. The passage of time has influenced both, rather more to the advantage of Ludwig than Rysanek—or, to depersonalize it, to the benefit of Octavian rather than the Marschallin.

As most operagoers are aware, Rysanek has a powerful top, a questionable midrange, and a veiled, muffled lower register. Much of the important writing for the Marschallin in Act I (which she dominates) is in the middle and lower registers with, consequently, too much thick, unfocused sound. Together with her tendency to play the part in a rather hard, unappealing way, this diminished the buildup of sympathy that should surge in her direction in Act III when she graciously gives up her lover, Octavian, to his new-found love, Sophie. Act III is Rysanek's best, vocally, for the power she commands at the top enables her to dominate the trio to a degree given to few Marschallins. Taken together, the two acts in which Rysanek appeared (the Marschallin is absent in Act II) left an impression, with me, of a calculating woman well served by Octavian and reluctant to let him go, but not particularly involved, emotionally.

On the other hand, Ludwig has curbed a good deal of the exuberance which characterized Octavian's romping about the last time she performed the part here. In the complicated assignment of a female impersonating a male (Octavian), who is called upon to impersonate a male impersonating a female (Mariandl), Ludwig had her greatest success with the greater complication. As the supposed servant maid Mariandl, leading the easily led Ochs into an assignation designed to reveal him as an unsuitable spouse for Sophie, Miss Ludwig was both funny and sad, always singing beautifully and making

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her verbal points effectively. As the masculine Octavian, ardent and inexhaustible, Ludwig was neither illusive nor convincing. She did not seem to have settled in her mind certain matters of posture, gesture, and attitude (physical as well as mental). This, to be sure, is not easy to do. But it has been done (best, in recent times, by Risë Stevens), and need not be condoned when it hasn't been done. Vocally, Ludwig was equal to all the needs put upon her, and in some special circumstances—as in Acts II and III—sang superbly. But vocal finesse is only the beginning of virtue in this role.

In a descending relationship of quality was the Sophie of Reri Grist and Walter Berry's Baron Ochs. Miss Grist has, securely and dependably, the first attribute that a Sophie must have for consideration: a sure command of the arching top line in the "Presentation of the Rose" in Act II. But she is, once this moment has passed, consistently deficient in the substance of sound or the necessary range of colors to define Sophie as a person rather than merely a high soprano. This was most evident in Act III where, in a transport of liberation at the prospect of having Octavian rather than Baron Ochs as husband, she was able only to provide a birdlike chirp, rather than the sound of a rejoicing young woman. Dramatically, her projection was largely in terms of timidity.

That the high point of the performance was, nevertheless, the trio of Act III is in itself a critical commentary on what had preceded. Berry's Ochs has a variety of interesting aspects. It is not the traditionally bloated provincial, gluttonous of physical indulgence as well as of food. But the lack of plumpness in the figure (which can be accepted) is accompanied by a lack of plumpness in the sound (which cannot). For a smaller theater (such as Vienna's, where he recently sang the part under the direction of Leonard Bernstein), Berry's tonal output may be acceptable. On the broader scale required in these Lincoln Center surroundings, it was deficient at the bottom and really impressive only at the top (meaning, in sum, that he is, essentially, a baritone rather than the bass-baritone required). As a concept, it was full of intelligent effort—but a lean Ochs? As well try to make plausible a plump well fed Cassius.

Given such a variety of elements, a truly successful *Rosenkavalier* could emerge from only two sources: a powerfully integrated dramatic supervision, or an overwhelmingly influential effort by the conductor. This *Rosenkavalier* was not blessed with either. Nathaniel Merrill's direction solved, successfully, the primary problems of movement, displacement, and interchange of personnel

(*Continued on page* 49)

TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Hope for Smoke-plagued Humanity

When Donald T. Frederickson, M.D., conducted a five-program smoking withdrawal clinic, called "How to Stop Smoking," on WOR-TV in New York City recently, he received more than 100 telephone calls a week and many letters from enthusiastic viewers. "Superb!" commented one viewer who promised to get a group of friends to watch with him. "I stopped smoking," wrote another. The following came from an upstate New York resident: "I felt like I am seeing a beam of light in the smoky darkness of my smokers world." The copy chief of the advertising promotion department of a national magazine said: "I have the feeling that thousands upon thousands of people, like myself, despairingly concerned about those whom they love, are clutching at this program as a faint hope." He had persuaded his wife to watch the series. She wanted to stop smoking but "said pathetically, 'I'm addicted. Period.'" The copy chief continued: "And I, alone, feel agonizingly helpless. In her case, smoking is murder."

Dr. Frederickson, administrator of New York's health-control program in the Harlem area, is convinced, as a result of his TV experiment, that most smokers can and will stop smoking—if they admit that they have a problem, make a commitment to a therapy program, and are provided with guidelines that tell them how to proceed. There is still a great deal, in his opinion, that we don't know about the underlying dynamics that support cigarette smoking; but most smokers, he thinks, are not addicts. Under the influence of adolescent, peer group pressures and the media that glamorize smoking in advertising messages and entertainment hero roles, people "learn" the cigarette habit. They discover that it helps them to manage moods, stimulating or calming them according to individual psychological lifestyles. Properly motivated, given insights into the underlying mechanisms of their smoking behavior, and taught withdrawal techniques, they can "unlearn" the habit and add "a new dimension of self-control" to their lives.

In some cases, the new mastery can be generalized to other areas of behavior, bringing a renewed sense of "one's capacity to deal more constructively with other problems of living." All this could be accomplished, Dr. Frederickson believes, through the televising of smoking withdrawal clinics, using on-camera therapy groups. Unfortunately, his high hopes have been shelved. WOR-TV plans to repeat the series in the spring and fall; two other RKO-General stations (KHJ-TV in Los Angeles and WHCT-TV in Hartford) and WEWS-TV in Cleveland are presenting the video tapes in their areas; and a few station managements and health agencies elsewhere have sent inquiries—but that's all.

Dr. Frederickson conducted the series when he held not only his present job but also doubled as New York's Smoking Control Program director ("private air pollution control," he calls it). The TV series was done without funds and largely with volunteer help. Curiously, many of the heavy smokers who participated in the series were recruited from top New York advertising agencies that number the leading tobacco companies among their clients. "They have a real problem," Dr. Frederickson commented. "Some compartmentalize; some struggle with their consciences; but once we finish with them, they're brainwashed."

The doctor's unfinished experiment ought not to be abandoned. Television, of course, is so obviously a medium of great power in the education of nonsmokers that one is appalled, upon reflection, that it has not been truly exploited thus far. The pressures within the industry to dampen such fires as the WOR-TV withdrawal clinic are also obvious. The New York station draws only one-tenth of its advertising revenues from tobacco accounts; but other stations that draw even less have not been as courageous and socially responsible in this matter.

Dr. Frederickson's on-the-air clinic is unique; probably the only one yet done in so authoritative and professional a manner. He decided to take to TV after two years of experimenting with withdrawal clinics in auditoriums. They supplied encouraging preliminary data, but they were attended almost entirely by upper- and middle-class smokers who responded to ads in *The New York Times* and *Daily News* (black smokers were conspicuously absent). He approached the biggest stations in New York with his proposal for a TV smokers clinic, but "was given the run-around and turned down." A program executive at Channel 13, New York's non-commercial station, wanted to put him on, but higher authorities there turned Dr. Frederickson down, too.

Stanley Friedman, a talented, percep-

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tive young TV producer for WOR-TV, met Dr. Frederickson on an interview program and, sensing the possibilities, persuaded his management to do the series—a very commendable public service. Dr. Frederickson himself is the outstanding discovery of the programs—he is authoritative and has a winning, on-camera style. The impact he could have, were he presented in prime time on a national network, would be of incalculable benefit to smoke-plagued humanity.

WOR-TV put him on Sundays at 11:30 a.m. The doctor, together with John Banzhaff 3rd, helped to organize ASH (Action for Smoking and Health), which is carrying the fight in the courts for more anti-smoking spots on TV. There are some signs that smoking is diminishing in social acceptability; in 1968, the absolute volume of cigarettes and per capita consumption dipped slightly, but cigarette sales are greater now than before 1964, when Dr. Luther Terry, then Surgeon-General, issued his major report on the relation of smoking to health. The tobacco companies still spend approximately $300 million dollars annually in advertising; and more than 250,000 premature deaths each year are attributed by the medical profession to cigarette smoking.

Emerson Foote, a prominent advertising agency executive who has long campaigned against cigarette smoking, suggested recently in a speech to the Philadelphia Interagency Council on Smoking and Health that the nation explore the idea that the United States Government take over the cigarette companies. Thereafter, he said, they could be "operated more in the public interest than the private owners of these companies could possibly be expected to operate them." Short of that miracle, the use of the electronic media offers the best hope. One can understand the reluctance of the commercial broadcasters to smoking clinics on the air, but the inaction of the public television (non-commercial, educational) people is something of a scandal.

WOR-TV has offered to supply video tapes of its series to all stations at cost. They might consider taking an ad in *Broadcasting* magazine to publicize their offer more widely. The stations, commercial and public, that can ought to replay the series. Stations should do their own withdrawal clinics, cooperating with local health agencies. The latter might well request action from local station operators. Finally, a foundation ought to provide Dr. Frederickson with funds to finish his experiment, to produce new TV (and radio) programs and conduct much-needed research on the behavior-sustaining or changing effects of televised withdrawal clinics. If smoking is murder, the Establishment might put its money where its law and order is.

Steve Allen's "daughter" almost died.

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Big Little Band In Toronto

WESTFIELD, N.Y.

IT IS late—around 2:15, 2:17 a.m., I guess—and I am sitting in this tiny grape-juiced town (a Dr. Welch, or Reverend Welch, invented grape juice here around 100 years ago because he totaled tees with such diligence he could not stand to serve sacrificial wine at Sunday services). Sitting here in a cold room in a warm house, I am listening to lonely horns from Lake Erie, sounds from ships or from instruments that make sounds to warn ships off shoals, but mainly listening in my head to some sounds I heard in Toronto last night, sounds of jazz as it seldom is played these days.

The sounds of jazz in my head are as alive right now as the whirling wind outside and those moanful booms of the boats and the warning whistles. More alive, in fact; I wish it were possible to get them onto paper, for if I could, you would stand, excited as I was, and applaud in exhilaration and in the pride of human endurance shown by the men who were telling the old jazz stories in melodies, shrieks, groans, agonies, and incredible technicalities—hearts and lungs bursting with energy, now shattering the room, now putting joy into it.

The Colonial Tavern, it is called, this joint, and I now forget what street it is on. The street name doesn't matter. It is in Toronto, and out of it are coming musical complexities that ought to make every booker, agent, public relations man, and promoter in New York, Chicago, and San Francisco rush up there and sign it up—the band, I mean, not the tavern.

This is not just a good band. It is one of the great bands I have ever heard. And at the risk of sounding like all those writers named George (Frazier, Simon, Wein, Avakian, the lot of the real Georges), I would like to stand up here in print—as I did in person last evening—and announce the same.

For the moment, forget names. I will get to identities presently. The pianist is a man who has been out of sight, not to say out of mind and hearing, for so long I thought he was dead. All the great stride pianists are gone—Fats, James P., and the little-known but much-respected Kissman Lavender—but this one is as alive and well as Jacques Brel and living momentarily in Toronto.

The bass player is a younger man, so corpulent he has to sit down to pluck his axe, except when he finally heaves himself off the stool and comes to the front and does a bowed solo on "Yesterdays," so poignant and mortally heartfelt that his fellow musicians stand around listening reverently.

The drummer is a small man, so small he seems to be hiding behind his equipment. I asked him how he knew when to put in the oddly placed accents at which he is so resoundingly yet unobtrusively adept. "I don't know," he said. "How do you like know when to put a period at the end of a sentence, or like a comma in the middle of one, or like—what do you call it?—a colon?" That was the end of that intellectual exchange. My work as a writer sometimes suffers for it, and I know he thinks his work as a drummer does too. But we keep at our jobs by relying on our nerves. Only writers—playwrights—who write about their mothers *know* and talk about it. This drummer is, without question, the world's greatest living white drummer. The world's greatest living black drummer is a Mr. Singleton, known as "Zutty" (who can be found living, but not drumming much, damn it, in a hotel called The Alvin in New York City).

THE trombonist in this band stands back in the bulky shadows cast by the immense bassist. He does not step to the fore when he solos because, he says, his slide might hit a customer and break, and it would be a nuisance to buy a new slide. He has played with many bands, large and small, but I proclaim he never has played better. He has always kept himself in the background deliberately, and *he* now states that he never has played with any group more comfortably, or—he states this diffidently, for his diffidence is inboned—with more enthusiasm. Trombone players, like stride piano men, have been dying off—Teagarden went, and Cutshall went permanently to sleep one morning in Toronto while playing a job in this very club. This one—to my gratification, edification, and musical education—shows no signs of being about to obtain his Local (AFM) benefits for a good long time to come.

The clarinetist in the band has always stood quietly behind his more famous brother, now also among the dead. That darker, older brother played in a way that made Benny Goodman at his best sound like the knickered kid he was when he first ventured onto a riverboat to play with Bix Beiderbecke. The surviving brother plays even better. He does not play as economically as his brother did; if he has eight bars to do, he sometimes will make them sound like sixteen, or anywhere from twelve to thirty-two, but he can be selfish with his notes when he needs to in an ensemble chorus. He stands there with a beautiful African-mask face, and he is something to see and hear.

The leader plays cornet. Once someone said in print (I think it was I) that he does not play that cornet, he *aims* it. I have been listening to him since I was fourteen or fifteen, and at times when he was sick or drunk he always, yes, *always* played as though his next note might be his last, and he was determined to make it his best, whether it came out in the form of a low growl or a sudden pulsation of the highest possible exuberance.

Once a leader for whom he was working said of him, "Even with that chewing gum, he plays as though his life depends on it." Now, on the other side of sixty, he still is chewing gum, playing a jazzy advertisement for Wrigley's.

YES, here in Westfield I still can hear it, and I curse myself for not having taken along a recorder, for this band has vigor and drive and a substance all its own. Each member knows who he is, and what he can do, but he also knows enough to fall in with what the band is doing, something almost beyond belief. This is a band that could make "Stardust" sound as though it were written yesterday or the day before, and could take "Mack the Knife" or "Saints" and make them fresh. These men do not invent; they *find*. Who are they?

William E. ("Wild Bill") Davison, cornet; Herbert (brother of Edmond)

—Photo (c. 1940) by Arsene Studios from "The Big Bands."

Claude Hopkins—"looking like Claude Hopkins, Jr."

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Hall, clarinet; Benjamin Morton, trombone; Buzzy Drootin, drums; Arvell Shaw, bass; Claude Hopkins, piano. I thought Claude Hopkins was dead, and told him so. "Lot of people think that," he said, looking like Claude Hopkins, Jr. "I've been playing around. Never stopped. I play gigs in Harlem, Denver, Omaha, other places far away. What do you think of the band? I think we sound—well, not bad. Of course, an audience does a lot for a band, and the audiences in Canada are hipper than they are in the States, they dig more than those cats down there do, and that makes us do better. I think so, anyhow. We're *playing,* man."

So they are. Davison and his untrammeled horn dominate, as they always have and always will. But there are the totally reliable Benny Morton and Herb Hall behind him, not just lending support but sending him on and on. And there is that incomparably imaginative Drootin, the amazing Shaw, and Claude Hopkins—playing better than he did when his big band, thirty years ago, was playing "Do You Ever Think of Me?" Upon hearing them again in my head, I think Drootin is perhaps the most important member of the band, with his brushes acting like sand drills, making his fellows attempt to do things which the listener feels may possibly be beyond them, but which, as they prove, are not.

ONCE Eddie Condon said to me about Billy Butterfield: "He's the kind of guy who'll go for a wrong note and *make* it." Exactly what this band does. They are smash-and-grabbers, a mob of bold adventurers who carry off the swag right under the noses of their audiences. They *is,* as Edmond Hall easily could have said. They must be heard, live, to be appreciated. I hope some manager or the equivalent has sense enough to realize their ability to extend the limits of what old Mr. Jelly Lord called "jass" and claimed to have invented. These gentlemen make no such claim.

"What we do," Davison said to me the morning after the night I heard them, "is show up and play the way they—I mean the guys in the band—know how. Some of the critics might say we're old-fashioned, and I guess if you look at us their way, we *are.* All I know is that something new happens to us on that stand every night. I don't know how it happens, and I don't know why; all I know is that if it was an accident, it took a long time to happen, and we're all pleased that it did."

It is now around 5 or 5:20 a.m., or some time, and I am dead tired from having tried to put down what this band made me feel, but I think I will go back to Toronto tomorrow night or the next.

—RICHARD GEHMAN.

Columbia Records

Frank Sinatra—"The Battler"—Sinatra (center) with one of his early best selling LPs. Left, his adviser, the late Mannie Sacks, and, at right, the then chairman of the board of Columbia Records, Edward Wallerstein.

The Sinatra Syndrome

"FRANK SINATRA has always been a study in myths and images, some of them carefully constructed," Arnold Shaw declares in the introduction to his book, *Sinatra: Twentieth-Century Romantic* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, illustrated, $5.95). To bring the man, his life, and his works into perspective was the author's goal when he embarked on the project eight years ago, without the benefit of his subject's involvement. An assiduous researcher, obviously interested in Sinatra, Shaw has provided us with a carefully prepared, well thought-out, and highly readable effort. It is sober rather than sensational—unlike other books on Sinatra—and errs only on minor points (i.e., John Derek played the part of Nick Romano, the young killer in the film *Knock on Any Door,* not Humphrey Bogart).

Progressively the reader is brought to terms with a show-business divinity and how he got that way. The book instructs and illuminates via the author's adept and objective organization of information culled from Sinatra's "recordings, the motion picture screen, the TV tube, the nightclub performance, and the public prints." Well placed interviews add spice and immediacy. Due emphasis is given the singer's recorded legacy that, in many ways, has an autobiographical and unveiling quality.

It becomes apparent that the man in question undoubtedly is a person of consequence, yet, like the rest of us, consistent in his fallibility. Singled out by some as the essence of charm, he falls quite short of this evaluation when viewed by others. A "constant counterpoint of toughness and tenderness" contributes to his magnetism and power to perplex. Sinatra is, in truth, many people, having passed through several life and career phases, each leaving a mark, each adding or subtracting something.

Shaw deals directly with Sinatra's evolution and multiple images, using both to structure his anecdotal yet flowing biography. In following the progression from one image to another—documented and explained in detail—we locate the outlines and some of the substance of the paradoxical thin man. Only his direct participation in the preparation of this book and the emancipation of some of his close friends and associates could have invested it with the drama and decisiveness of Sinatra in all of his dimensions. This, however, is not to disparage what Shaw has accomplished with what was available to him.

He uncovers a lonely, only child who finds in music possibilities for fame and fulfillment and revenge for what he does not find at home, in school, or in the streets of his native Hoboken. A polite but quietly aggressive personality with the Harry James and Tommy Dorsey bands, the public Sinatra comes across as soft and pliable. His yearning aspect—a vulnerability defined in his voice and lean and hungry look—is found deeply touching and sexually provocative by women and fits perfectly with the wartime gestalt.

Yet, off-stage, he is far from the silken, little boy lost—and the first of the seven Shaw images, "The Vulnerable Tough," emerges. Sinatra allows for no funny business, particularly when it comes to his work. Buddy Rich's showboating one night during a number featuring his vocals at New York's Astor Roof—when both were with Dorsey—results in a

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Jazz LPs

Data	Report
Don Ellis: *Autumn*. Ellis, quarter-tone trumpet and amplified trumpet; with eighteen-piece band. Columbia stereo, CS-9721, $4.98.	This record, which seems ugly, laughable, and pretentious by turns, contains "the sound of our time" according to Al Kooper, its producer. God save us all!
Bill Evans: *At the Montreux Jazz Festival*. Evans, piano; Eddie Gomez, bass; Jack deJohnette, drums. Verve stereo, V6-8762, $5.79.	That knowledgeable critic, Gene Lees, who supplied both notes and cover photograph for this album, says Evans and Gomez play here "with more aggressive drive than ever before." It is an interesting comment, because relative to, say, Art Tatum or Earl Hines, drive is a quality in which Evans is notably deficient. There is certainly less of the customary twilight melancholy, and from time to time the well-adjusted trio generates a kind of genteel swing. Talented though Gomez and deJohnette are, the most rewarding performance is "I Love You, Porgy," which Evans plays unaccompanied.
Fletcher Henderson: *The Immortal Fletcher Henderson*. Henderson, piano; with quintet, sextet, septet, and eleven-piece band. Milestone mono, MLP-2005, $4.79.	Henderson has been well served by reissues since Columbia led the way with a four-record set. This will make nine currently available albums that are devoted to his music, and there are more to come. He deserves the attention, for he was unquestionably a major figure in jazz history. The fourteen selections here all derived from the Black Swan, Paramount, Puritan, Apex, and Broadway labels. They do more than supplement the others, because by themselves they illustrate the band's development between 1923-31 surprisingly well. The impact of Louis Armstrong is striking in "Mandy" and the three following titles. They are followed by four in which Henderson's other great trumpet star, Joe Smith, is heard to advantage. Those familiar with the original 78s will be especially appreciative of the skill and care that have obviously been lavished on their transfer to LP.
Jazz for a Sunday Afternoon: *The West Coast Scene*. Harry Edison, Bobby Bryant, trumpets; Carl Fontana, Frank Rosolino, trombones; Harold Land, Pete Christlieb, tenor saxophones; Tommy Flanagan, Jimmy Rowles, pianos; Victor Feldman, vibraphone; Ray Brown, Chuck Berghofer, basses; Ed Thigpen, Mel Lewis, drums. Solid State stereo, SS-18037, $5.79.	This is the Californian equivalent of the two albums from New York jam sessions on the same label (SS-18027/8). It suffers from the same faults—long, vainglorious passages where technique takes the place of inspiration and feeling. Edison and Land are the most effective and personable of the soloists, the two distinguished pianists not being given enough elbow room to rival them. Brown's bass is a very potent feature of the second side, which consists of more than twenty minutes of Monk's "Straight, No Chaser." The reverse is similarly devoted to one number only, a supervisory goof in the circumstances.
Wes Montgomery: *Willow Weep for Me*. Montgomery, guitar; Wynton Kelly, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Jimmy Cobb, drums; with brass and woodwinds arranged by Claus Ogerman on four tracks. Verve stereo, V6-8765, $5.79. *A Portrait of Wes Montgomery*. Montgomery, guitar; with quartet, quintet, and added strings and horns arranged by Gerald Wilson. World Pacific Jazz stereo, ST-20137, $5.79.	In the Verve set, brass and woodwinds have been added to quartet performances originally recorded live at the Half Note in New York during 1965. In the World Pacific, recordings made by small groups a decade or so ago have been "enhanced" by strings and brass. In each case, the obvious intention was to align the album's sound with those that brought Montgomery mass popularity. The potential in this kind of hanky-panky —if carried to the nauseating extremes of which the record industry is all too capable—is simply frightening. Here, however, the "enhancement" has been done discreetly, and there are many attractive performances in which Montgomery lives again.
Don Patterson: *Opus de Don*. Patterson, organ; Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Junior Cook, tenor saxophone; Pat Martino, guitar; Billy James, drums. Prestige stereo, 7577, $4.79. Lou Donaldson: *The Midnight Creeper*. Donaldson, alto saxophone; Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Lonnie Smith, organ; George Benson, guitar; Leo Morris, drums. Blue Note stereo, BST-84280, $5.79. John Patton: *That Certain Feeling*. Patton, organ; Junior Cook, tenor saxophone; Jimmy Ponder, guitar; Clifford Jarvis, drums. Blue Note stereo, BST-84281, $5.79.	Mitchell and Cook, both formerly of Horace Silver's quintet, bring an element reminiscent of that group to each of these albums. The trumpet player is particularly impressive on *The Midnight Creeper*, where he uses repetition differently but quite as effectively as Harry Edison. This album is also the most exciting of the three, thanks in large part to the contributions of Benson and Smith. Although woefully prone to clichés, Donaldson often seems to bring out the best in other musicians. (Thus, apart from an incredible liner note, Lonnie Smith's own album, *Think!*, Blue Note BST-84290, is quite undistinguished.) Don Patterson, obviously inspired by Jimmy Smith, is the most enterprising of the three organists, but Lonnie Smith scores on Donaldson's superior tempos. The Patton album is noteworthy for the introduction of Jimmy Ponder, a young guitarist of whom much more should be heard in the future, as the final track, "Daddy James," will testify.
Oscar Peterson: *The Great Oscar Peterson on Prestige*. Peterson, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Bobby Durham, drums. Prestige stereo, 7620, $4.79.	Peterson's drive makes him almost the complete antithesis of Bill Evans (see above), although he is hardly, as the notes curiously claim, "the epitome of Earl Hines in his ability to swing." Durham, a drummer formerly with Duke Ellington and Wild Bill Davis, meets the pianist's requirements very capably, but would have benefited from more presence in recording. It is interesting to note, however, that European engineers have once more captured a relatively true piano sound, overtones and all, as compared with the xylophonic quality their American counterparts usually favor when recording jazz. Peterson's technique is as dazzling as ever, but his exuberance and mountainous crescendos tend to be exhausting—physically, not emotionally—if both sides of the record are played without pause. It seems less a matter of exhibitionism than of pleasure in the exercise of piano power. Two numbers are in ¾, and both contradict the title of the first—"Waltzing is Hip." On the other hand, "Sandy's Blues" is nearly ten minutes of forcefully developed blues playing that will prove even more enjoyable if isolated from the other performances.
McCoy Tyner: *Tender Moments*. Tyner, piano; Lee Morgan, trumpet; Julian Priester, trombone; James Spaulding, alto saxophone and flute; Bennie Maupin, tenor saxophone; Bob Northern, French horn; Howard Johnson, tuba; Herbie Lewis, bass; Joe Chambers, drums. Blue Note stereo, BST-84275, $5.79.	When Tyner left the late John Coltrane's quartet after six years, the saxophonist was turning toward the musical anarchy of "free form" jazz. This outstanding album indicates the road Tyner preferred to travel. His compositions encompass several different moods, and his writing for the six horns is full and positive, the tuba being incorporated into the ensemble with singular success. Besides piano choruses of the expected precise elegance, there are good solos by Maupin and Morgan. The final track, "Lee Plus Three," is played by Morgan and the rhythm section only, but it is its immediate predecessor, the reflective "All My Yesterdays," that stays in the memory. —STANLEY DANCE.

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heated argument off-the-stand and the flinging by Sinatra of a water pitcher at the drummer. It breaks with such force, narrowly missing Rich's head, the "pieces of glass were embedded in the plaster."

The author establishes beyond doubt that Sinatra's basic source of power is his singing. That Sinatra tends to dominate rather than follow, comes through boldly. We are also led to understand his commitment to people he cares about and his capacity for being off-hand and careless of others, often without apology.

His independence of spirit comes under scrutiny in the section of the book introduced by the second Shaw image, "The Battler." More of the real Sinatra is revealed as he becomes increasingly successful. An international phenomenon by 1944, he juggles the roles of family man and ladies' man. A campaigner for liberal causes—for Franklin D. Roosevelt and against discrimination—he is oppressed by authority and criticism. The press, particularly the reporters who deal in daily gossip, proves an almost constant irritant. And he strikes back at it; the retiring, charming sailor of musical films is the antithesis in real life.

The good and human things he does, however, far outweigh the negative side of the man, author Shaw insists: witness Sammy Davis, Jr. Sinatra remembers him from the Dorsey days when they appeared on the same stage show in Detroit. When booked into New York's Capitol Theater in 1947, "The Voice" insisted that the management find the obscure Will Mastin Trio, with which Davis was featured, and put them on the show, with *billing*. "For me, it really was the beginning," Davis recalls.

By 1948, the Sinatra career is beginning to show signs of wear. The singer endeavors to adapt adequately to the winds of change in the music world and to manage his explosive personal life. Shaw takes us downhill with Sinatra, potently describing the slide. Bringing into play pertinent facts and color-ridden inside stories—as he does throughout the book—he draws a man in torment who cannot seem to find his bearings. "Frank's choice of songs, especially at critical moments . . . [is] dictated by prevalent emotional states," the author reports. "This is what has given some of his records their overpowering poignance and sense of immediacy." At the point of multiple-level crises (1951), when the singer was at the brink of divorce and professional disaster, a one-take Sinatra performance of "I'm a Fool to Want You" proves this beyond appeal.

The spine of the Sinatra story is the rise from the ashes. The final four images traced by Shaw: "The Talented Bastard," "The Swinger," "Il Padrone," and "Chairman of the Board" are linked and delineate this American dream in capsule. The author traces Sinatra's ascent to a position of power and influence unparalleled in the recent history of the entertainment business with particular insight, noting both the positive and negative aspects of his comeback.

His soft exterior is torn away with finality in this climactic phase. In the 1940s Sinatra bled and was vulnerable without a definitive basis for it in life. At the nadir of things he suffered on- and off-stage. From the vantage point of the mount, Sinatra also projects a unified image. He lives and does as he pleases, with no kickback from the public, because he doesn't dissemble. The pace and vigor of the newborn career is paralleled in the tenor of his recordings (which are deftly and fairly evaluated by Shaw here and elsewhere in the book). Self-pitying lover no more, Sinatra is "the leader," dictatorial, carefree but sometimes careless. He now covers a wide range in films, following his triumphantly realistic portrayal of Maggio in *From Here to Eternity*. The 1953 release proved his depth of capacity to those who doubted him and provided a springboard back to the top.

Life, however, is not perfect. He seeks personal contentment, but it seems to elude him. He's either way up or down in the depths. "So long as I keep busy," Sinatra tells a reporter, "I feel great." He forgets not the slights of the years of downdraft and makes people pay for real or imagined indignities visited on him, sometimes in childish ways. He seeks to guide his own destiny. Never again does he want to joke about his financial position as he once did at the Riviera in Las Vegas: "I owe the Government a lot of money. And Uncle Sam doesn't know whether to put me in jail or recognize me as a foreign power." He achieves ownership of a variety of enterprises, all the while singing, acting, recording, directing, and producing films, loving his children and a number of beautiful ladies, gathering his friends to him, and lashing out at his "enemies." He associates with diverse people—from the highest officials in American government to ex-pugs and acknowledged hoods, courting paradox in the bargain.

In the final accounting, Arnold Shaw portrays Sinatra as a man of music who, through hard-core talent and an instinct for triggering public fantasy, has caught the world in his grasp. He credits him with a rare case of honesty. Unlike many Americans of his generation, Sinatra does not fear revealing his feelings, particularly in music. And we're within the heart of the matter. What Sinatra will leave behind after all the hoopla and press coverage is that which projected him out of Hoboken in the first place—"a foggy day in London town . . . a paper moon . . . and the wee, small hours of the morning."

—Burt Korall.

Music to My Ears

Continued from page 44

on and off stage. But he had not, so far as I could determine, done much to stimulate characterization among those performers who had not brought a characterization with them, or achieve a totality among the characterizations that were offered. As an instance, Rosalind Elias as Annina and Andrea Velis as Valzacchi were two all too trite embodiments of their conspiratorial parts. A little more wit, a little less whimsy, would have been welcome. Their good vocal qualities could have been used in the role of Fanina, whose new interpreter (from Vienna) was a dull-sounding, none too presentable likeness of the social climber, Rudolf Knoll.

Böhm's Straussian credentials are of the best, and he has performed with distinction at the Metropolitan in *Frau ohne Schatten* and *Ariadne*, among other operas by this conductor. Perhaps it was the special circumstances of a first performance that caused an overstress on some aspects of the score and an understress on others (charm, sentiment, lightness). More lift, less push, animation rather than agitation, humor rather than comedy would add to the pleasures of what, at this moment, is better to see than to hear.

Orchestras looking for something unusual in the concerto line with which to vary their programs—and which orchestra's programs couldn't do very well with such variety?—should consider seriously the combination of Walter Trampler and the Viola Concerto of Sir William Walton, a work which is just now in its fortieth year. Trampler's participation in a Carnegie Hall performance by the American Symphony Orchestra under the composer's direction was one of the finest heard in those four decades. Trampler does not strive for the biggest kind of viola sound, but the one he produces is not only beautiful in quality, but singularly suited to the needs of this fine work. It was a rare instance of music-making, deservedly well received.

In the seasonal prospectus, there was no all-Walton program on this orchestra's agenda. It came about when the death of Charles Munch left an open date and Walton was available between concert appearances elsewhere. It would have been memorable if only for the eloquent effort by Trampler on behalf of the Viola Concerto, but it also had a lively performance of a selection of excerpts from the *Façade* Suite to commend it. Walton showed (in the opening *Johannesburg Festival Overture* and the closing Second Symphony also) that his conducting technique, if limited, is sufficient for one who knows the music as well as he does.

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Steinbeck

Continued from page 14

turtle on the road at the beginning of *The Grapes of Wrath*. It instinctively and unerringly made its way in one direction just as the Joad family and the rest of the nearly half a million dispossessed Okies would blindly make their way west to California.

But Steinbeck infused his early books with his peculiar vision more surely when he depicted the almost unconscious way a man crushes a bug or goes out of his way to run over an animal, or when he expressed the affinities of his men and women with animals and growings things in the landscape, or revealed the charge of sexual excitement that may come from seeing a pig slaughtered or a man lynched. Before people ate in his early books, they had to kill a chicken or a pig, and the process was detailed in the story; children came into the world followed by the afterbirth, which had to be cleaned up; meals had to be cooked before they were eaten, and the grease wiped away from a man's upper lip when he was through; a car had to be fixed when it broke down, a horse saddled before being ridden, and a house swept out before it was clean.

The great power of *The Grapes of Wrath* lay in this intimate way of rendering reality. For, Steinbeck's ability to suggest the enormity of tearing people out of their environment depended on his being so convincing about the details of their lives that one felt overwhelmingly just what had been taken from them. This was the right book at the right time for Steinbeck. It called not only on his first-hand knowledge of the migrant workers' lives, but also on his genius for observing the broad sweep of events. Furthermore, there was something essentially tragic and grand in his subject itself: the migration of a whole people across thousands of miles. The combination of Steinbeck's feeling for the land, his intimate knowledge of the day-to-day lives of his people, and the scope and import of his subject made *The Grapes of Wrath* a great work. Its homey philosophizing and wooden characterizations are embarrassing today, but the grand design of the book overrides its weaknesses. To write well, Steinbeck needed a subject of either intense public or personal concern; here he had found both. (When these elements were lacking, as in his three books about Monterey low-life—*Tortilla Flat, Cannery Row,* and *Sweet Thursday*—the result was a lack of human concern that made for popular, "rollicking" novels of no abiding interest for all their literary undercoating of Arthurian motifs.)

STEINBECK has often been compared with William Faulkner for devoting himself mostly to simple people in a particular region. He deserves comparison as well with what might be called the "metaphysical" Faulkner: the delineator, as Jean-Paul Sartre pointed out, of the peculiar sense of time and space that all modern men experience, even in Mississippi. Steinbeck, too, recorded something of the special tone of our century. His model of the modern world was the shape of the Salinas Valley. In it, and in the similarly shaped California valleys in which he set his stories, man struggled within a closed system that both formed and limited him; there he was responsible for his acts and yet unable to control the larger forces; and there, too, though much in his lot was benign, he yet found himself feeling restless. It was a perfect expression of the modern condition and a perfect setting for Steinbeck's ideas. He could treat this world of his in the manner of Sherwood Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio,* as he did in *The Pastures of Heaven,* or he could introduce into it either the dispossessed classes of *In Dubious Battle* and *The Grapes of Wrath,* or the middle-class tourists of *The Wayward Bus,* whom he hated.

Faulkner differed from Steinbeck, however, in telling his tales with much less facility. Though Faulkner has been called a master storyteller, he really was not, for he wrote out of an obsession

with his materials that came out in a slow, brooding, private, and difficult style unlike Steinbeck's firm matter-of-factness. Broadly speaking, there have been two kinds of modern novelists: the amateurs and the professionals—and the amateurs have written the great works. (Faulkner's two thoroughly failed novels, *Mosquitoes* and *Soldier's Pay,* were his only attempts to be "professional.") While it is true that Steinbeck never tried to be a popular success, in continuing to write a different kind of novel with nearly every try, he showed that he was subject to the lure of professionalism. Unlike the great amateurs of the century, he did not begin with an autobiographical novel. It was only very late in his career, with *East of Eden*—his obvious attempt to write a great novel—that he reverted to personal materials. And even there he cut out of the final version the sections of personal comment directed to his son and left himself as the narrator, "John Steinbeck," in name only. Had he put aside professional concerns and really let himself speak in his own voice, thus revealing his personal stake in the story, *East of Eden* might have become what he wanted it to be. But by not writing for himself Steinbeck failed to make that story universal.

He had, however, already secured his place with his books of the 1930s. And if his concern was more for man in general than for individuals, more for the polemic than its form, his was yet a powerful emotion that no man of spirit could fail to respond to then or now.

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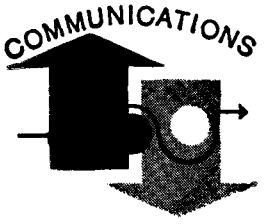

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Communicating by Rail

WE HAD the pleasure, a few days ago, of making the acquaintance of the Penn Central's new high-speed train, a silver six-car Metroliner, now shuttling daily north and south between New York and Washington on a schedule of under three hours each way. In the preview trip, the Metroliner averaged well over 100 mph for miles on end and reached a top speed of around 110-115 mph, though it is capable of speeds up to 160 and has approached this on test runs. We must say you don't realize how fast you're going, thanks to the miracles of low-center-of-gravity engineering and welded roadbed.

Communicating by rail has always fascinated us, at least in part because we have commuted into New York City and back daily on the decrepit New Haven to the tune of 25,000 miles a year for the past quarter-century and we know precisely what train service can be, good and bad. In an ever more crowded urban communications system, rails are the only available mass transit that makes any sense at all. Our Connecticut train, morning and evening, carries 1,500 passengers each way. If all of them came to town by auto, even two per car, that would mean parking facilities in Manhattan for 750 more automobiles in an area already completely choked with vehicular traffic. Yet, a single car of a railroad passenger train can carry 100 riders, requires no street parking space, even pays taxes to the community through which it moves.

Again, flying from New York to Washington requires the better part of an hour to get to the airport, an hour in flight—if there is no stacking (and there usually is)—and additional time at the other end from airport to center city. With these realities in mind, Penn Central has, with the assistance of the federal government, put almost three years into the development of train and rail facilities certain to equalize the train vs. plane or train vs. road communications argument on short hauls.

The Metroliner has no engine up front and looks from the outside very much like a subway train. Four 640 horsepower motors drive each car and these provide, through overhead electric power, sufficient momentum to move the slick new streamliner well over 100 mph and an average running speed of 75 mph on the 226-mile run, including several station stops. The new train looks like an airplane inside, though there's more room to walk about. Snack and parlor cars alternate and, to be candid about it, the high-speed vehicle is much less rough and noisy when it's moving over the new welded rail. It can be pretty bumpy and loud on old clickety-clack rail, bridges, and switch crossovers.

We spent some time standing in the nose behind Elton Selover, our motorman, snappy in a powder-blue uniform complete with blazer and tie. In front of him were all kinds of electronic gadgets, one of them a little light panel showing how fast the train was moving. Most of the time the light indicated a three-figure speed, and the ribbons of steel ahead seemed to be swallowed up with unbelievable rapidity by the voracious monster we rode. Motorman Selover quipped at one point: "There's one nice thing about driving a train. No one's going to put a gun at your head

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and say 'Havana.'" What the motorman did not say was probably the strongest argument in the train vs. plane debate: A railroad can run in any kind of weather, and riding a train is literally the safest place anyone can be in a moving vehicle. The statistics prove it.

We have had a feeling for some time now that, with any sort of railroad cooperation, the cycle will rather quickly come back to rail passenger transportation around the big cities, though the airlines will continue to dominate long-distance passenger hauling—they simply have no competition there. Just the same, it is cheaper to move by rail from New York to Washington than to fly and, on the Metroliner, the time from center city to center city is about the same. Since weather is seldom a factor in rail transportation, though a very real one with autos, buses, and planes, winter travel in particular is bound to move passengers back to the railroads in the urban areas if the railroads have the sense to follow the Penn Central's lead and inducements. Three-fourths of all intercity transportation now moves by automobile. But saturation along the highways and for terminal parking is close to reality in many a U.S. city.

WE found the Budd Company's experimental train beautifully engineered and designed. (We phoned our home in Connecticut while going 110 mph through Princeton, New Jersey.) In any case, all that is needed in the rail passenger equation is new, modern passenger equipment since the basic facilities are already there—that is to say track and personnel and stations and overhead power. All that is required now is faith by the railroads and a breaking of impossible communications patterns and clichés by the ever-more-crowded dwellers in megalopolis. Stuart Saunders, chairman of the new Penn Central system, told us at lunch in the concourse of the 30th Street Station in Philadelphia that he plans to give Washington-Philadelphia-New York passengers hourly service if this high-speed experiment works out. Anyone who has driven the Jersey Turnpike on a Friday or around holidays, or tried to find a place to park in center-city Philadelphia or Manhattan should welcome Mr. Saunders's optimism and give him patronage. There is simply no other way, excluding monorail, that the gradual strangulation of urban traffic can be solved. Mass communication owes a great debt to Mr. Saunders and to Alan Boyd, the outgoing Secretary of Transportation, who worked so well with the Penn Central in a logical and admirable experiment in mass transit. Now it's up to the public to take advantage of good faith and enriched rail service.

—R.L.T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

Legacy of Chautauqua

JOHN TEBBEL's article, "Chautauqua: A Nostalgic Salute" [*SR*, Jan 11], much enjoyed, reminds me that readers might like to know that it was also at the Chautauqua Institution by the beautiful lake that Joseph E. Maddy, in the early 1920s, came to be a pupil in group music teaching of the pioneer master in the field, Thaddeus P. Giddings. It was here that the two laid the foundations for America's first instrumental music instruction method known later to thousands of students and instructors as *The Universal Teacher*.

From this writing and teaching association, and from Maddy's remarkable gift as an organizer-conductor, came the first National High School Orchestra assembled for the National Education Association meeting in Dallas in 1926—and two years later from that orchestra grew the National Music Camp at Interlochen, Michigan. It was here that pupil Maddy and teacher Giddings became America's great catalysts for music in the public schools. The immediate rise of their Interlochen (where music camps began) as music education's most dynamic and influential pre-college experience was another legacy from the Chautauqua experience.

FREDERICK FENNELL,
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JOHN TEBBEL's article about Chautauqua brought back some boyhood memories. As a boy, I spent my summer days on my grandfather's farm in Eaton, Ohio. The Preble County Fair and the Redpath Chautauqua were the big events of the long summer. I recall that we all packed up and camped out in beautiful Glenn Miller Park in Richmond, Indiana, and spent the entire week at the Chautauqua.

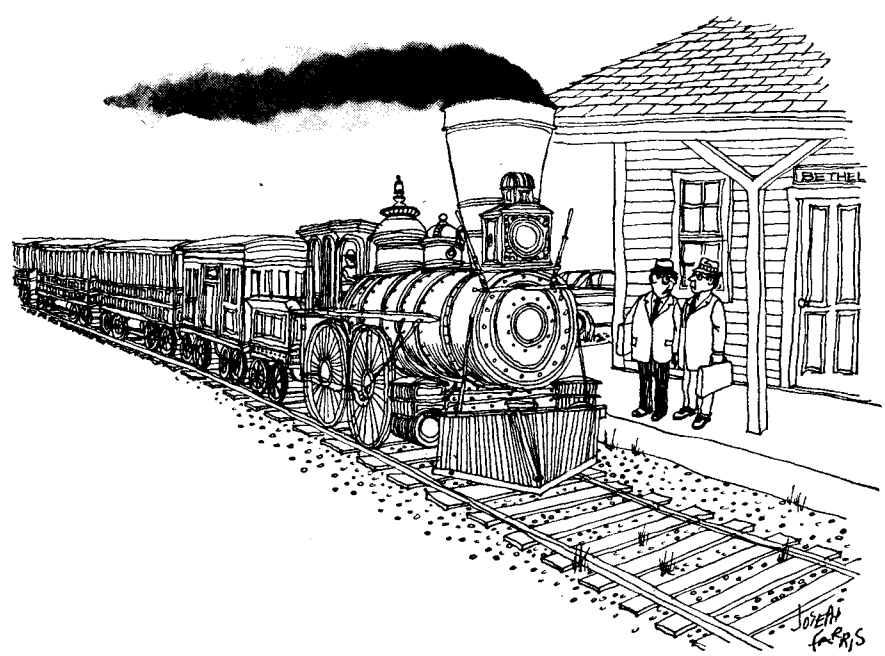
One of the outstanding attractions was Mr. Briggs, the famous cartoonist ("When a Feller Needs a Friend"), who did a fast, fascinating routine of cartoons on his easel on the stage. It was a wonderful week and one to always remember. Too soon we were back on the farm and into the threshing season. Thank you, Mr. Tebbel, for your fine article. I, too, have been there and young folks today will never know what they missed—the Chautauqua Tent.

PAUL H. EMERSON,
Muncie, Ind.

WHAT MEMORIES were stirred by John Tebbel's article. Being over forty, I can look back to a sleepy little southwestern Kansas town where I spent my summers, and the excitement of the arrival of the Chautauqua tent shows. Mr. Trebbel, however, leaves with the reader an erroneous impression that the Chautauqua tent shows emanated from Chautauqua Institution, on Lake Chautauqua in western New York. Having lived in Jamestown, New York (only 12 miles from Chautauqua), during the 1940s, I soon came to learn that the traveling tent shows had no connection with the Institution on Chautauqua Lake. They adopted the name because they brought to numerous isolated communities across the country the same sort of "culture" and entertainment offered at the Institution.

Natives of western New York could tell Tebbel that the name "Chautauqua" is, indeed, an Indian name, meaning roughly "Bag Tied in the Middle." It originally was applied to the lake that stretches some 20

(*Continued on page* 65)



"I must admit I was expecting more from the Penn Central-New Haven merger."

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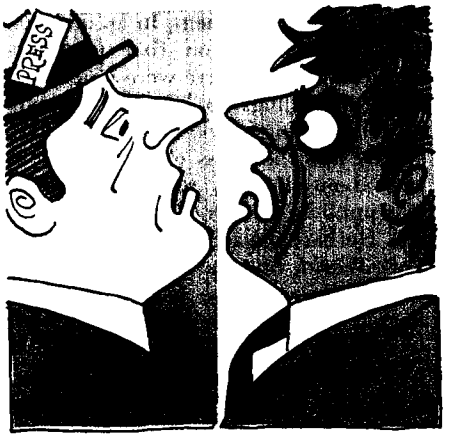
The Image-Makers' Image



By JOHN HOHENBERG

THE journalist, that inveterate molder and destroyer of public images, is having trouble with his own. If it were only a bit of tarnish on the slick surface, he probably wouldn't mind. He's used to it, never having thought of himself particularly as a knight in shining armor. What really hurts is the way the whole image is being twisted out of shape.

Not for seventy years—the era of the Spanish-American War—has our press been subjected to so scorching an attack by so many diverse elements of our society. The bench and bar, the representatives of government at all levels, the clergy and the physicians, the university administrators, teachers, and even the students are taking pot shots at the papers and the newer broadcast media, sometimes with telling effect.

This is no mere uprising against the yellow press, as was the case at the turn of the century. There is no single villain. In our time, the bad, the good, and even the superior papers and broadcasters are being lumped together in a pervasive and indiscriminate criticism that is, nevertheless, very difficult to rebut. Who can seriously deny the excesses of the news media that led to the Lee Harvey Oswald murder on television, the circus coverage of the Sam Sheppard murder case that caused the Supreme Court to reverse his conviction, the kind of crime reporting that has led to widespread judicial restraints on news sources within the jurisdiction of the courts to maintain the right of fair trial? These things are part of the history of our time. They can neither be hidden nor expunged from the record.

It is when the anti-press campaign moves from the halls of justice into the uproar of the riot-torn city streets and campuses that a newer and more sinister element must be taken into account. Here the clamor against the errors and misjudgments of the news media has an entirely different purpose. No longer is the issue the preservation of the right of fair trial and the defense of civil liberties, except in rare instances that actually impinge on the freedom of the individual. Now, to put it crudely, there is a threat: "Tell it our way, or else. . . ."

In Washington, Newark, Los Angeles, Cleveland, and many other cities, various elements in the news media have been accused of falsifying the news, favoring one side or another, exaggerating the extent of the rioting, causing it to spread or be prolonged, or even being responsible for the outbreak through some overt or ill-considered act. As has been coolly admitted in some street and campus disorders, but certainly not in the great mass tragedies, small groups have actually determined on violence to goad the police to attack, sought to create thereafter an illusion of persecution and martyrdom, and tried to sway public sentiment into sympathy for some ill-defined cause. The tactic is not new. It was laid out in gory detail more than thirty years ago in John Steinbeck's *In Dubious Battle*.

JUST as the arrest, torture, and expulsion of foreign correspondents are recognized weapons by dictators who seek to force concessions from the press, the violence of the mob or the police—and sometimes both—is often blindly directed against a reporter, a photographer, a newscaster, or a television cameraman out of sheer frustration and resentment of what they represent. Abroad, this is generally deliberate; at home, frequently accidental. But the outcome in both places is possible only because of the creation of an atmosphere in which the public is quite willing to accept limitations on, or the actual suppression of, the independent press.

If we are not at that point today in the United States, it does not mean that such things can't happen or that they never have happened. From the Alien and Sedition Acts of 1798 to the Espionage Act of 1917, history argues otherwise. Certainly, if it were not for a complaisant public, various cities in the United States could not be deprived of their newspapers for as much as eight months because of a labor dispute. If rioters closed a paper, would it matter anymore to the public?

This is the worrisome thing about the simplistic terms in which the press and broadcast media are being depicted in a number of reports about riot coverage made by both public and private agencies and individuals.

The general effect of these documents is to treat the press as if it were a single massive stencil instead of an intricate and widespread operation of independent units, each with its own individual strengths and weaknesses. Worse still, there arises from prolonged reading of such riot reports the same kind of imagery—unintentioned, no doubt—for which the press itself has been so often blamed.

In place of the ancient alcoholic caricature of the journalist that now is revived only occasionally on the late, late show, the meditative literature on civil disorder has presented us with a new and infinitely more repulsive character—the bug-eyed maniac who starts a riot in order to cover it. In a thoroughly frightened society, there is no way of telling how much of an impression such an image has made. But without doubt, the belief exists that such acts are characteristic of the journalist of these times. It is poetic injustice that he is being pinioned by a grossly exaggerated image.

There are some who will argue in good faith that this entirely subjective report on the status of the journalist is in itself overdrawn and alarmist, that a wise and all-discerning public would not believe ill of either its good gray journalists or its good gray poets, and that the free press will surmount all trials and even its own errors to reign triumphantly over public opinion forever and aye. If you, the reader, believe that, you'll believe anything.

Consider, if you will, the drunken idiot reporter of song and story, a favorite in American melodrama and light literature thirty years ago. To a very large section of the public, he was a familiar and even a believable figure in an era when William Allen White, Elmer Davis, Harold Ross, and Edward R. Murrow were at the height of their powers as journalists. Why did the beloved alcoholic become the popular journalistic image, and not such familiar and talented journalists as White, Davis, or Murrow? To be sure, there were alcoholics in the newspaper business at the time, but by no means as many as in the law, and they could scarcely have exerted any decisive influence on either the news or policy. They were too busy with the bottle.

The truth is that most newspaper people did not really care what the

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public thought of them. In an occasionally noble profession that underpaid and overworked, there were much more important things to be worried about in a darkening world that was sliding swiftly into the abyss of World War II. Just about the only reporter who ever was publicly concerned about his image was Herbert Bayard Swope of the New York *World*, but that was in a previous war. Once, when he was seen grimacing at himself in a mirror and was asked what he was doing, he replied that he was practicing a charming smile.

The public impression of today's journalist as someone who stirs up rioters by deliberate incitement is no more true than that of the amusingly irresponsible alcoholic. Without a doubt there have been incidents on which so damaging a belief is based, just as alcoholics used to be found in newsrooms. But it is incredible that such incidents should be used to discredit 60,000 earnest and hardworking editorial people in the nation's news services, newspapers, news and picture magazines, and radio and television news reportage.

Do not think for a moment that this state of affairs has caused the journalist to become a sensitive soul who willingly drapes himself in sackcloth and ashes. His habitual arrogance is undiminished. His tendency to advise all others on how to conduct their affairs, and to resent such counsel himself, remains a part of his stock in trade. Consequently, the libels that cause lawyers to thunder in indignation or physicians to pass resolutions of protest are accepted as part of the occupational risk of being a journalist. Because it is his lot in life to present more bad news than good, and associate with more villains than heroes, he has never expected to be loved.

It is apparent, in this revolutionary world, that the press and public are not on the same wave length and have not been for some time. But then, it is not a world which the journalist has had very much to do with making, although he is often accused of creating some of its less attractive features merely by reporting on them. He has been lectured to and misrepresented far beyond any other trade or profession, very possibly because of his unique protection under the First Amendment. He has been told not to pry so deeply into political, economic, and social shortcomings, that he should be positive and not negative, that he has a crisis mentality and a savage soul.

ALL this comes under the heading of legitimate criticism, up to a point. When it is applied to the coverage of civil disorders, then the journalist has a right to become suspicious. For the anti-press critics who seek to limit reporting under such circumstances are scarcely interested in self-restraint, which is always desirable in an inflammatory situation, but in self-censorship, which is not. There is an enormous gulf between the two that the most amiable and accommodating journalist cannot bridge without harm to the public interest. It is, in effect, the difference between balanced reporting and one-sided reporting in which critical information is left out or incompletely presented to appease one group or another. And this is the danger. Regardless of what happens to the image-makers' image, it must be faced.

Of course, there are risks in a policy of full disclosure in civil disorders. But the slow though deliberate throttling of an independent press through the failure of the public to realize what is going on would be infinitely worse. It is a great temptation for an editor to be thought of as a good guy in his community by refusing to publish ugly and displeasing news. There was once a paper in an Eastern metropolitan area that reported the sudden death of a prominent citizen who, it neglected to mention, had done himself in by diving out a window. The tactful omission made the paper the laughingstock of the town, but scarcely succeeded in suppressing the news. Similarly, any attempt to soften or pretty up civil disorder, under pressure of community displeasure, is scarcely going to help the press. And it may, in the long run, do infinitely more harm than good to the public interest.

The temptation is great, in this extremity, to counsel the use of palliatives such as distinguished commissions of investigation or even to resort to the British Press Council plan. But commission reports are now stacked a foot high in libraries with no sign of action on them; as for the press councils, a few local ones are doing excellent work here and there.

To try to set up a voluntary organization in the United States to investigate all arguments between press and public, however, is something else again. The British Press Council is working well under independent leadership primarily because both the newspapers and population are concentrated within a relatively small area. It would take years before the American press even got around to considering the notion here—but some day it *should* be given a trial.

There is no easy way out. For when all the old methods are re-examined and rejected and all the new ideas are tried and found wanting, at least for the present, what remains is the basic necessity for the American press to continue to function independently and to do its work with conviction and skill and courage. Instead of less reporting, there will have to be more reporting in the troubled areas of our cities. We no longer can operate in a metropolitan center such as New York by failing to station reporters on a full-time basis in Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant, the two large black communities, and it is a grievous error to believe that the job must be given only to the new and welcome influx of black reporters. Nor can the concentration of Puerto Ricans in Harlem, the Bronx, and elsewhere be ignored until they explode in righteous wrath. The same is true of every city in the country, large and small, and every mistreated minority. It is all very well to publish extensive inquests into why riots occurred, but it would be more to the point—as a few newspapers are doing now—to take on the thankless, difficult, minimally productive job of day to day coverage that shows the community sternly and directly where the problems lie.

More mistakes are going to be made and perhaps even worse misjudgments lie ahead for the news media in coping with the problems of potential and actual civil disorders. But silence is no remedy. The facts must be shouted from the crumbling rooftops to bring the kind of community and government action that is so urgently required. That, in the end, is the responsibility of the nation's press and it is likely to have precious little help from the broadcast media in facing up to the kind of detailed, day to day job that is required at gut level. If this is done, and the leaders of the press are facing that way, then it is inevitable that the image of the American journalist will get worse before it gets better. Too bad. But in a profession that can go from Benjamin Franklin to Warren Gamaliel Harding and Walter Hines Page to Walter Annenberg, images don't really count for very much. Performance does. And it is performance, in the long run, that alone can preserve public respect for the independent press.

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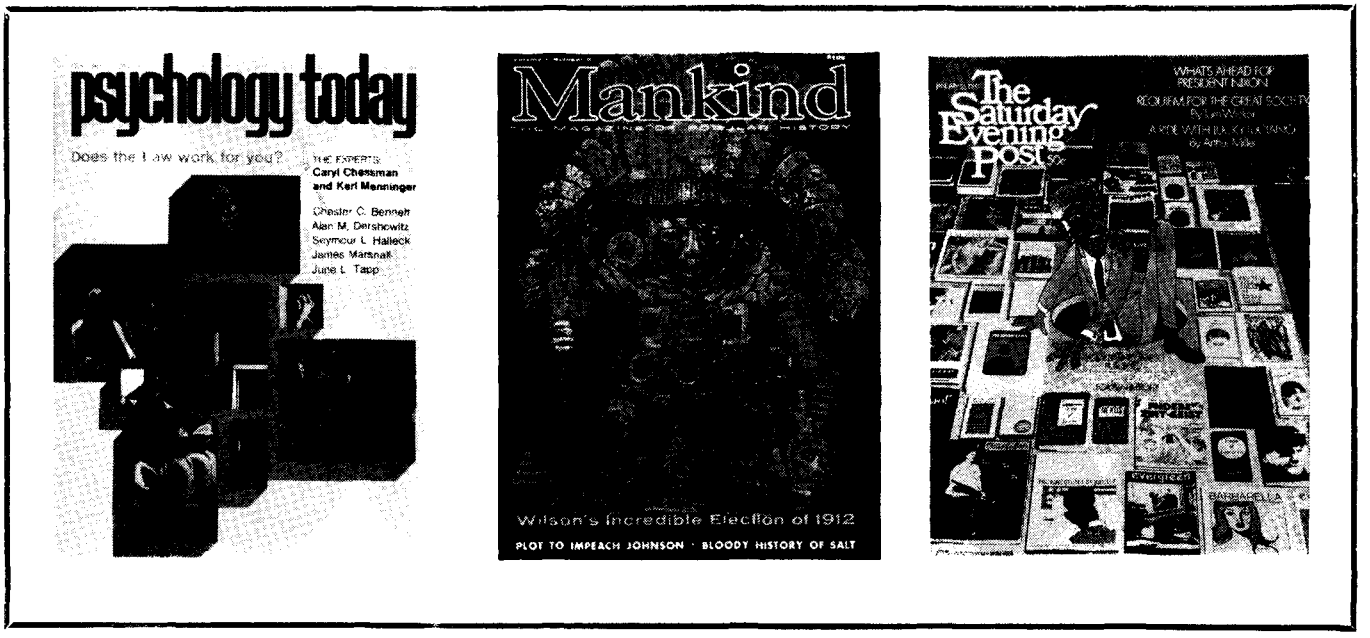

MAGAZINES—NEW, CHANGING, GROWING

By JOHN TEBBEL

THE telephones rang constantly in the offices of the Magazine Publishers Association on the day last month when the *Saturday Evening Post*, controversial to the last, expired in a fit of nostalgia. Most of the calls came from newspapers, trade journals, and broadcasters wanting to know (some hoping, no doubt) if the magazine business was on the ropes.

Even if it had been, the Association could hardly have done anything but affirm that the business was alive and well and living all over the United States. As it happened, the MPA had some cheerful statistics to document its trade association outlook. Looking back on the year just ended, it could report that ninety-four new magazines had been started in 1968, with nine others merged or sold, and only a dozen (not counting the *Post*, a 1969 casualty) going out of business.

Looking ahead into 1969, the MPA was equally optimistic. While there were doubters among the publishers, it was generally agreed that a profitable year lay ahead, and in spite of considerable moaning at the commuter bar during the preceding twelve months, it could be seen that 1968 was not what the gloomsayers had been saying it was. True, the number of advertising pages had been off—a prime source of gloom—but this 2.4 per cent decline was offset by a 3.2 per cent jump in revenues to an impressive $1.09 billion for the top fifty magazines during the first eleven months. Circulation, too, had been up 3.3 per cent during the first six months of 1968. The liquidation of the Curtis empire, melancholy as it might be, had benefited other magazines, particularly *Life*, which early in January 1969 published its first guaranteed 8,500,000 circulation issue, made possible by subscriptions transferred earlier from the ailing *Post*.

Something of the new course of events in magazine publishing could be seen in the fact that both *Life* and *Look* had been down in advertising pages during 1968, a loss shared with other big general circulation magazines, while the figures for specialized publications continued to climb, as they have been doing for some time. Special interest periodicals such as *Field & Stream*, *Outdoor Life*, *Rudder*, and *Yachting* were all up in advertising pages, according to the Magazine Industry Newsletter. *Ski* magazine had its biggest year in the past thirty-three years; *Scientific Research* showed a 41.3 page increase; *Promenade* was up 41 per cent; *Sports Illustrated* revenues were up by $3,000,000, and *Playbill*, *TV Guide*, and the *Rotarian* also showed substantial gains.

ALL this confirms what historians and analysts of the business have been noting for some time—that in a country with a population of more than 200 million people, producing successful mass magazines has become increasingly more difficult, while those reaching smaller audiences within the mass have been increasingly successful. Thirty years ago a magazine with a circulation of 500,000 to 3,000,000 was considered "large," or even "mass," and most specialized publications were limping along with circulations ranging roughly from 50,000 to 150,000. Today a magazine has to have more than 6,000,000 to play with the big boys, while many of the formerly poor but proud periodicals have circulations approaching or exceeding 500,000.

Since specialization has become profitable and appears to many to be the wave of the future, it is hardly surprising that 1968's new magazines (forty-eight general and forty-six in the business field) reflected the trend. More and more magazines employed so-called controlled circulation methods, meaning that they were sent free to more or less carefully selected audiences. For example, *Charlie*, a magazine for "coeds under twenty-five," was launched in 1968 to be mailed to lists of young customers in department stores who requested it—expected circulation, 150,000 to 200,000.

Many other new periodicals, controlled or uncontrolled, are aimed directly at the youth market, already so profitable and promising still greater riches. In 1968 there was *Eye*, the Hearst Corporation's 50-cent monthly aimed at the sixteen-to-twenty group, circulation 500,000; *Go*, a free circulation tabloid distributed through record stores in thirty-five cities 750,000 circulation; *Careers Today*, a

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controlled circulation magazine intended for college seniors and graduate students, 312,000 circulation; *Outasite*, a pop music fan monthly published for the ten-to-sixteen group; and *Wonderful World of Walt Disney*, a children's magazine to be distributed by Gulf Oil through its service stations.

The latter was easily the most ambitious. Developed by the sales promotion department of Young & Rubicam, Gulf's agency, in collaboration with Disney Productions, the magazine is a 25-cent quarterly with a first printing of 6,000,000 copies, and the potential to become the nation's sixth largest magazine.

Another youth publication with large plans in 1968 was *Panorama*, an annual for college students designed to present opportunities in the business community (to be read between riots, one supposes). *Panorama*'s first issue will not actually appear until the spring vacation period this year, when it will be mailed to 3,100,000 male students and 300,000 faculty members. *Panorama* will carry no advertising as such, but the articles will be corporation products intended to sell the company to prospective employees. Participating companies are being offered a maximum of four pages each in the sixty-four page rotogravure publication at $20,000 per page. Of more than casual interest is the fact that this magazine venture is the by-product of a newspaper publisher, Herbert S. Chase, editor and publisher of the Independent-Journal Newspapers in Santa Monica, California.

NEXT to the young, homemakers were the second largest audience to get the attention of new publishers in 1968. Since the competition in this field is already highly competitive, specialization was the key to the new magazines of 1968. *Homemaker's Digest*, for example, was aimed at women living in single dwellings with two or more children, and living on incomes of $8,000 a year plus. The *Digest* claimed to have the largest controlled circulation of any magazine, and aspired to lead its own field with a projected circulation of 10,000,000.

On a more modest scale, and specializing in a different department of homemaking, *Redbook's Young Mother* planned to be the largest baby book ever published, with a projected circulation of 3,000,000 to be distributed through Gift-Pax, a company delivering product samples to hospital bedsides of new mothers.

Among the other large new magazines of 1968, there were such specializations as *Aloft*, National Airlines's addition to the list of inflight publications, with a circulation of 315,000, and TWA's *Ambassador*, on the same list with 800,000; *Laugh-In*, a spinoff from the popular Rowan and Martin television show, intended to reach 500,000 readers, mostly male, in the eighteen to thirty-four group; and *Weight Watchers* magazine, published paradoxically by the former executive vice-president of the Diners Club, with a 300,000 circulation but gaining.

Otherwise, among the smaller publications, there was something for everyone in 1968, proving how far the specialization trend could be carried. There were magazines such as *Afternoon TV*, *Censorship Today*, *Confrontation*, *Modern Bride's Guide To Decorating Your First Home*, *Money Making Jubilee*, *Scrumdown*, *Summertime*, and *Yellow Submarine*, the official Beatles' magazine. The new business publications seemed even more specialized than they had been, with such magazines as *Geriatrics Digest*, *Government Photography*, *The Baked and Snack Foods Marketer*, *Macromelecules*, *Musical Electronics*, *National Turkey News*, *Pollution Equipment News*, *Southern Hog Producer*, and *Remote Sensing of the Environment*. The business press, of course, has always been, by its nature, made up of specialized publications.

It is worth noting, as *SR* has observed before, that city and state magazines continue to increase. In 1968, there was the *Charlotte* magazine, *Florida*, *Maryland* magazine, the *New Californian*, *The Nutmegger*, *The Southern Scene*, *Square* (the Westwood Village Square) and *New York* magazine.

In the merged-and-sold department, the major event of the year was the sale of the *Ladies' Home Journal* and *American Home* by Curtis to Downe Publishing, Inc.

Other purchases and mergers were of more interest to collectors of exotic items: *Confidential* magazine, bought (with *Whisper*) by Newsline Publications from By-Line Publications; *Outdoors Calling*, bought by Davis Publications to be merged with *Mobile Life*, a natural marriage; *Practical Builder*, changing its name to *Professional Builder* (a reassuring note); and *The Journal of the Armed Forces*, bought by a former Pentagon "whiz kid," Benjamin F. Schemmer.

By and large, the new magazines of 1968 showed more business ingenuity than imagination. One of the exceptions (although not technically a new magazine, since it was started the year before) was *Mankind*, subtitled "The Magazine of Popular History." Published in Los Angeles by Raymond F. Locke, this well edited and highly readable periodical had begun in May 1967 with a circulation of 175,000, of which only about 40,000 was subscription. By the end of 1968, it had 220,000 combined newsstand and subscription sales, and was still climbing. *Mankind*, which explores not only American but world history, intends to make history entertaining and readable—"to be read, not looked at," as the publisher puts it. Its young staff is designing it both visually and in text to appeal especially to public schools, where anything that would stimulate interest in history is certain to find a special welcome. It appears to have the potential of being a major publication.

THE departures from the publishing scene during 1968 for the most part elicited few tears. Few of the twelve had been in business for a long time, but of these the most eminent was *The Reporter*, Max Ascoli's magazine, published since March 1, 1949, which has now been absorbed into *Harper's*, which took some of its circulation and features, and its publisher as well. Another relative old-timer to disappear was *Sponsor*, intended for the televison trade, which had begun in 1946. More typical of the losses was *Cheetah*, a well publicized but ill-advised attempt to exploit the youth-psychedelic market; it had been in business less than a year.

Smallest and most mourned, perhaps, was the departure of the *Carolina Israelite*, Harry Golden's tender and iconoclastic message to America. Unmourned except by their publishers were such as *Elegant Teen*, *The G Q Scene*, and *The Non-Foods Business*.

In sum, 1968 was a year that showed rather clearly the directions in which the magazine business is going. The old guard is departing, but the new generation promises a profitable—if not especially inspiring—future.

L'oeil Verite

By Sonya Dorman

THE BEE sees through the bulge
of his bay windows, each
with its faceted pane. No way
to tell if one eye agrees
with itself, or the other.
Forcing through multiple spikes
of pollen, the bee satisfies
his greed with a short sip.

The horse sees all things
magnified; each oat a loaf
in his manger. Don't blame him
if he shies. A scrap of paper
flaps like a great sheet
on the road's shoulder.

Dog sees black, grey, passages
of white where our spectrum
burns. His nose knows more
than our eyes; which world
can we share? The wonder is
a man can walk with his dog
and agree on hunting weather.

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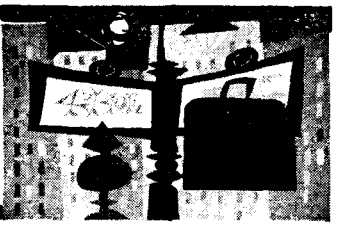
Madison Avenue



They Laughed

EDITOR'S NOTE: THEY LAUGHED WHEN I SAT DOWN AT THE PIANO—BUT WHEN I STARTED TO PLAY *is the headline of an ad which became famous. It was written many years ago by John Caples. We asked him how it came to be written, why it caught on, and what happened after that.*

I WAS a cub copywriter at a mail-order ad agency where I wrote ads for hair-growers, fat-reducers, dandruff-removers, and books on mental healing and personal magnetism. This was good training because every ad had a coupon, and one could tell right away whether an ad was successful by counting the coupon returns.

One day Ev Grady, the copy chief, said to me: "John, I want you to write an ad for the U. S. School of Music. They teach people to play musical instruments by correspondence. Get me some proofs from the ad files, and I'll tell you which ads got the best results." One of the ads Ev pointed to had the headline: IT SEEMED SO STRANGE TO HEAR HER PLAY. The picture showed a woman playing the piano and another woman standing nearby with a surprised look on her face. "I didn't know she could play," said the woman onlooker.

I thought that this ad could be made stronger by making the headline more dramatic and by having the player perform in front of a group of people. So I wrote THEY LAUGHED WHEN I SAT DOWN AT THE PIANO—BUT WHEN I STARTED TO PLAY and produced a copy story that began:

> Arthur had just played "The Rosary." The room rang with applause. I decided that this would be a dramatic moment for me to make my debut. To the amazement of my friends I strode confidently over to the piano and sat down.
>
> "Jack is up to his old tricks," somebody chuckled. The crowd laughed. They were all certain I couldn't play a single note.
>
> "Can he really play?" I heard a girl whisper to Arthur.
>
> "Heavens, no!" Arthur exclaimed. "He never played a note in all his life. . . . But just watch him. This is going to be good."
>
> I decided to make the most of the situation. With mock dignity I drew out a handkerchief and dusted off the piano keys. Then I rose and gave the piano stool a quarter of a turn, just as I had seen a comedian do in a vaudeville sketch.
>
> "What do you think of his execution?" called a voice from the rear.
>
> "We're in favor of it," came back the answer and the crowd rocked with laughter.

Now the scene was set and ready for a change of pace. It was time for Jack to get down to serious business. I began the second part of the ad with a subhead.

> THEN I STARTED TO PLAY
>
> Instantly a tense silence fell on the guests. The laughter died on their lips as if by magic. I played through the first few bars of Beethoven's immortal *Moonlight Sonata*. I heard gasps of amazement. My friends sat breathless—spellbound.
>
> I played on and as I played I forgot the people around me. I forgot the hour, the place, the breathless listeners. The little world I lived in seemed to fade—seemed to grow dim—unreal. Only the music was real. Only the music and the visions it brought me. Visions as beautiful and as changing as the wind-blown clouds and drifting moonlight that long ago inspired the master composer. It seemed as if the master musician himself were speaking to me—speaking through the medium of music—not in words but in chords. Not in sentences but in exquisite melodies.

I typed my copy neatly and took it to Grady. "That's great," he said. "It has real feeling. But you should have Jack's friends congratulate him. Then Jack should tell how he took the music course." I returned to my desk and wrote:

> A COMPLETE TRIUMPH
>
> As the last notes of the *Moonlight Sonata* died away, the room resounded with applause. I found myself surrounded by excited faces. How my friends carried on. Everybody was exclaiming with delight—plying me with rapid questions . . . "Jack, why didn't you tell us you could play like that? How long have you studied? Who was your teacher?"
>
> "I have never even seen my teacher," I replied. "A few months ago I saw an ad for the U. S. School of Music. They have a simplified method that can teach you to play by correspondence."

Then I wrote the story of how Jack had learned to play the piano and how "you too can teach yourself." A coupon offered a free booklet, *Music Lessons in Your Own Home*. The ad was first published in *Physical Culture* magazine and it pulled an unusually large number of coupon returns. The ad was successful in getting customers because it attracted the right audience—people who wanted to learn to play the piano—because it aroused curiosity, and because it offered a reward.

The ad attracted the right audience

The original forty-year-old ad . . .

. . . and the latest parody on its theme.

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by showing a picture of a man sitting down at the piano and by using the word "piano" in the headline. Many ads go wrong by starting off on the wrong foot. A manufacturer of nuts and bolts goes wrong when he features a picture of a bathing beauty in order to get attention. He gets attention, but it is the wrong kind of attention. He stops readers, but not buyers of nuts and bolts. The piano ad aroused curiosity by making the reader wonder what happened. Did the chap in the ad really play the piano? Did he play well or poorly? What was the reaction of his audience? The ad offered a reward—the joy of music for its own sake, the joy of giving pleasure to others, and the joy of triumphant success.

After its first appearance, this ad was run in a number of publications and it continued to get results. However, a few complaints were received by the school. For example: "How could Jack learn to play so well in just a few months?" wrote a music teacher. My copy chief changed the copy to read, "It *seems* only a few months ago. . . ." Another teacher wrote: "I have been studying music for twenty years and I still can't play the *Moonlight Sonata* properly. How could this man learn to play it in such a short time?" My boss changed the *Moonlight Sonata* to the *Liebestraum*, and no more complaints were heard on that score.

The ad continued to run. Other ad writers adopted it and have continued to do so up to the present time. Two recent examples are THEY LAUGHED WHEN I WOUND UP MY SHAVER and THEY LAUGHED WHEN I SENT AWAY FOR FREE COLOR FILM . . . BUT NOW MY FRIENDS ARE ALL SENDING AWAY, TOO.

Over the years, the piano advertisement has attracted the attention of comedians, joke writers, and cartoonists. Jack Benny and Fred Allen produced gags such as: "They laughed when I sat down at the piano—somebody had taken away the stool"; and "They laughed when I stepped up to the piano—they didn't know I was from the finance company." When Harry Truman ran for President, a cartoon with the inscription THEY LAUGHED pictured him sitting down at the piano and winning the election. Later on, Lyndon Johnson was shown in a similar cartoon.

"How about the future? How long will this thing keep going?" a friend asked me recently.

"Well, Nixon plays the piano," I said. "We may still get a little more mileage out of the ad." We did. A Nixon cartoon with THEY LAUGHED is shown on the previous page. —JOHN CAPLES.

WHEN A PM PAPER GOES AM

"We had a battle on our hands . . . to overcome the afternoon reading habits of our readers."

By WALTER B. KERR

I HAVE a suspicion—almost a conviction—that I now know what a lot of newspaper readers are doing during that sublime period the television networks and the advertising agencies call prime time. They are reading newspapers. I do not mean their tubes are turned off during the early hours of the evening. What I mean is that it is not enough for a polltaker to ask a set-owner whether he is tuned in to *I Spy* or *Daniel Boone*; the key question, the revealing question, is what is he really doing. I think he is sitting there reading his paper with an eye that occasionally strays to the screen and an ear that is adjusted to the sound just long enough to understand what's going on, like skimming through a novel to get an idea of the plot.

I began to believe this about a year and a half ago when an afternoon paper, of which I was general manager, shifted from evening to morning publication. One would have thought that with television competing for evening attention a reader would be happier with a morning paper, especially since an AM can be a much better product than a PM. Not everyone may agree, but I hold that an AM has every news advantage: final stock market reports, the results of afternoon and night sports events, and spot news developments during the day that a PM cannot touch because most evening papers—to assure home delivery—go to press at or not much later than noon; thus they can handle little of interest that happens after 11 in the morning.

But I am now prepared to concede there is another factor to be considered in addition to the quality of the product and competition for the set-owner's attention. I refer to the reading habits of the inveterate newspaper reader. It is not what he reads that counts; it is when he reads it; and it is my current view that when that time comes he will read it no matter what is on the air. Give an evening reader a morning paper, and he'll read it in the evening.

"I don't have time to read it in the morning" was one complaint I heard. "Now, I don't have anything to do in the evening" was another. One man said that having read the paper at the breakfast table he was compelled to watch television or talk to his wife during that half hour or hour in the evening that had always been his.

On the Santa Fe *New Mexican*, we made the shift from PM to AM in September 1967. We made it for two related reasons. The first of these was that 62 miles to the south in the fast-growing city of Albuquerque (by far the largest city in the state) were two strong metropolitan papers, the morning *Journal* with a circulation of some 66,000 and the afternoon *Tribune* with a circulation of 33,000. The *Tribune*, a Scripps-Howard paper, had never made much of a dent in our area, in part because of delivery problems and in part because we, too, came out in the afternoon; but the *Journal* had been gaining on us over the years. By the summer of 1967 it had one reader to every three of ours in our retail trade zone, 5,000 readers to our 15,000. Perhaps I should say that the two Albuquerque papers have an expense- and profit-sharing arrangement, which may be the reason they can afford to sell their dailies for 7 cents a copy to our 10 cents and their joint Sunday paper for 15 cents to our 20 cents. In any case, the decision was to meet the morning *Journal* head on by coming out in the morning instead of the afternoon. The afternoon *Tribune* would still have delivery problems.

THE second reason for the shift was *that as an afternoon paper we could not* cover the news as fully or in as timely a way as the *Journal*. We could not publish the financial tables of the New York and American Stock Exchanges; time was against us. We were weak on sports; almost all games are played in the afternoon or at night. Deadlines prevented us from publishing much local, state, and national news that broke after 11. We found the spot news going to the *Journal* while we were trapped in a mesh of overnight leads, roundups, summaries, and warmed-over stories from the day before.

Anyway, with the competitive situation in mind and with a desire to put out a better paper, the Santa Fe *New Mexican* became a morning paper. It made a lot of difference to the product, and the news department responded with great excitement. Instead of forty or fifty stock market quotations picked

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up from a local investment broker, we now had 500 selected stocks from the New York Stock Exchange, a selection from the American Stock Exchange and other financial indices. We ran the afternoon and night ballgames, and box scores to go with them. We covered a World Series game on the morning after it was played instead of the following afternoon when the next game was over. We were neither as big nor as complete as the *Journal*, our direct competition, but we covered our town better than it did, and this made the difference. So much for the product. The editors liked it; the reporters liked it; and no one in the news department complained that he now had to work until midnight instead of until 5 in the afternoon.

In the production and circulation departments, we might have run into complications, but the problems were anticipated and met before they arose. Although the union printers preferred day-work, they quickly adjusted to the change. The circulation manager had quite a turnover among his carrier boys (all of whom we hated to lose); but just as there are boys who won't work in the afternoon because of basketball practice or homework, there are also boys who won't work in the morning for one reason or another. Along with the turnover, there was a corresponding rise in the number of telephone complaints for failure to deliver. The old average of ten or twelve a day jumped to thirty or thirty-five, but in time the circulation manager got it back to normal. The shift to AM publication involved almost no change in the advertising and business departments.

As everyone knows, however, newspapers are not published for newspapermen, but for those who read them, and we soon found out in a gentle, plaintive way that although our readers conceded we now had a better product, they missed their afternoon paper. Not all of them, however. Though some detested it, many liked the change and encouraged us to continue. But every complaint I knew anything about was the same: morning publication interfered with a reading habit—a prime-time reading habit.

In terms of revenue and expense, the shift had some noticeable effect but it was almost negligible. We lost a few hundred street sales a day; this we had anticipated. We lost a few hundred subscriptions in Los Alamos, New Mexico—that strange but beautiful city of 15,000 people in the Jemez Mountains where 500 Ph.D.s are engaged in nuclear and other research for the Government. The *Journal* was strong in this area, and some readers preferred a morning and an afternoon paper rather than deciding between the *Journal* or the *New Mexican*. As for our advertisers, some liked it very much (Sears); three did not, among them Penneys. By and large, however, the reaction was mild; and I think we received only eight letters of complaint during this period.

In the end, after some two months, we returned to the PM fold. It seemed to me that, despite the improved quality of the product, we had a battle on our hands if we were to overcome the afternoon reading habit of our readers. It was little time—too little time—to judge the results of an effort of this kind; and if the paper had been mine I think I would have continued on the morning road for another year or so before I felt I had given it an adequate try. The paper, however, was not mine; and one day I went to the publisher and told him I could not advise him to continue, that he would have to decide whether he wanted to go on or go back. He decided, after a readership poll to which one out of fifteen of our readers responded, to go back to afternoon publication.

I regretted the decision but I have come to believe that as much as many of us would like a better paper than the one we have, we prefer a paper within the context of what we are accustomed to. Habit is strong—especially what one wise newspaperman has called a 10-cent habit. I talked to a man one day who sought to prove to me with pad and pencil that it is completely impossible for anyone to read a paper in the morning. He had never read one before the Santa Fe experiment and never knew anyone who had to the best of his knowledge. A woman on the phone begged me to go back to the PM field. "If you don't," she said, "our marriage will break up. My husband is impossible. He paces up and down the room, picks up the morning paper which he has already read, throws it away, picks it up again, and throws it away again. I can't stand him any more." I asked her if he didn't watch television. "Of course," she said, "but he reads his paper while he watches it."

I know what a lot of readers are doing during prime time. They're reading.

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"Why don't you switch to a morning paper and then you'll have the whole day to get over the news?"

Dodge

By Jeannette Nichols

THE raped Dodge
is down on its axles
at roadside, its seats
pulled half out like tongues
lolling on pavement, its
smithereened windshield glutting
last sunlight. It is
an old man's mouth gumming
sunset as the next to the last
meal. Dirty ankles and a broken
bottle spilling rusty blood,
an old man out of gas
on his rims, all shine stolen.

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CHILDREN'S TELEVISION WORKSHOP

Child Watcher—Dr. Edward Palmer, research director of Children's TV Workshop, records viewing habits of intent preschool youngster.

By STUART W. LITTLE

THE first completed bit of production material—a sixty-second strip of scored animation—arrived in the offices of the Children's Television Workshop recently. It was only a small deposit in the bank of material that would be required for a program that will go on the air daily, for an hour, in color—and may well revolutionize the way the home screen can be used to penetrate the inner-city and, in time, reach the neglected minds of the very young. This is one television experiment—the Workshop was formed last spring with impressive financial support from foundations and the federal government—that has the money and will take the time to get ready. A full year will be devoted to research, pretesting, and preparation.

—*Russell Munson.*

Joan Ganz Cooney, executive director of the Children's Television Workshop.

The snippet of film, just a minute out of a projected 130 hours of programing, was immediately subjected to an audience-reaction test. The animation, all about the letter "J", showed two round-faced youngsters contemplating the fish-hook configuration of an object lowered from the sky which then popped up repeatedly in a fast-moving rhymed story involving a Joe, a Junebug, and a Jar, and a Justice, a Jury, and a Jail. The Workshop staff spliced the same sequence six times into an hour-long program of randomly chosen children's television material, as if the J-strip was a spot commercial interruption in the program. Then, they carried the film gingerly over to a day-care center a few blocks from their Manhattan offices just south of Lincoln Center and showed it, under controlled circumstances, to four- and five-year-olds.

Two of the children tested were shown the J-spot once, two viewed it three times, and two watched it six times. With specially prepared questionnaires, the Workshop's research staff was able for the first time to validate with confidence three of the project's important early concepts: that children can learn their letters and numbers kinesthetically by film animation; that the commercial spot method of getting the attention of four-year-olds is effective ("kids are programed to commercial interruption"), and that repetition pays off ("the four-year-old can endure enormous amounts of repetition"). The two youngsters who had seen the J-spot six times could identify the letter in a group of letters and reproduce it themselves at a verbal command. To be sure, the tests suggested a few ways of improving the strip. But the production staff was on the right track. And it didn't come exactly as a surprise.

THE Children's Television Workshop (CTW) headed by Joan Ganz Cooney, who played a key role in developing the idea, is an $8,000,000 experiment in education via television. Its target audience is the 12,000,000 television-oriented three-, four-, and five-year-olds in this country who don't yet go to school, but who are eminently teachable. According to recent psychological findings, at this age they are in the most crucial and formative stage of their intellectual development, and right now, to put it negatively, they are in danger of being intellectually stunted for lack of mental stimulation or from being exposed to the wrong kind of visual excitement on television.

The first priority for Mrs. Cooney and her staff is to convince parents and educators, particularly in the ghetto, that the job is urgently important and that television can accomplish it. This shouldn't

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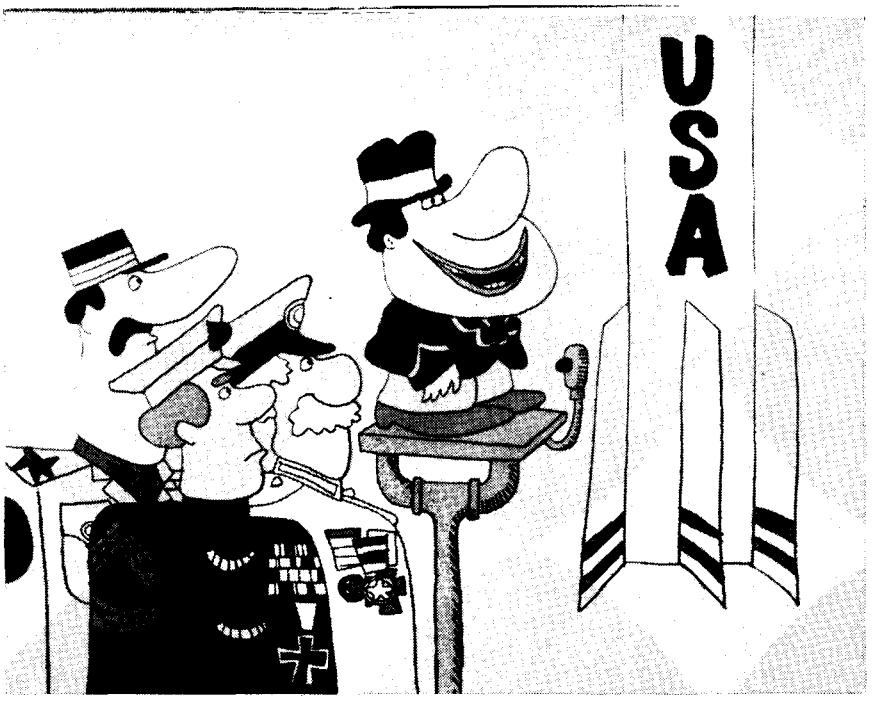
be all that hard, provided (and it is a big provided) that mothers can be made to realize how much their four-year-olds *can* learn—and how much they *should* learn, now, to get ready for the world of 1979 and beyond.

Beginning next November 10, the Workshop proposes to produce daily programs Monday through Friday for twenty-six weeks—a total of 130 hours, much of it to contain repeatable material, but each program to be as entertaining as *Batman, The Green Giant*, and *Laugh-In* and educational at the same time. (In June, there may be a ten-hour preliminary test airing in a selected city.) The programs, it is hoped, will be carried by the 140 NET (National Educational Television) stations (possibly growing to 170 by next fall) coast-to-coast at what is considered prime time for this age audience—9 or 10 in the morning, with a likely repeat in the afternoon.

CTW, besides producing a staggering amount of programing (the equivalent of three years of *Bonanza*), promises to perform two other functions. Through new and old promotional means it will seek to attract as big an audience as possible in inner-city ghettos as well as in middle-class suburbs; and it will also try to evaluate the results in terms of the conceptual growth of the children reached whether in group-viewing situations in day centers or alone at home.

AMONG the experienced professionals on CTW's staff and board of directors are teachers, information specialists, research analysts, and cognitive psychologists. Executive Director Joan Cooney, a woman who looks like the teacher the class always falls in love with, seems to possess all the demanding capabilities she is asking of her staff. It was she, at the request of Carnegie Corporation, who first asked the right questions of the right people, and then answered them to get the project started. The key question was how to catch the interest and communicate with the vast forgotten segment of the television audience aged four (with a potential average of more than fifty-four hours of viewing time a week) left with total control of the dial in the early morning when older brothers and sisters are in school—an audience that is black and white, urban and rural, and, by today's educational expectations, ought to be in school.

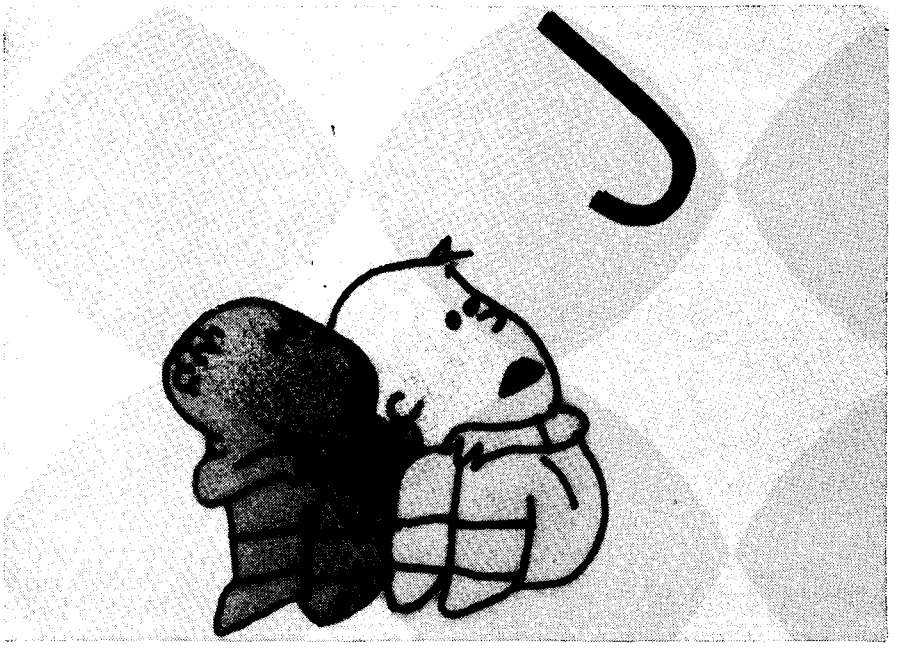
After a period of producing award-winning documentary television shows for New York's educational station WNDT, Mrs. Cooney was television consultant to the Carnegie Corporation. In recommendations to Carnegie, she estimated that to put 12,000,000 preschool children into classrooms—the very clear recommendation of the National Education Association in 1966—would cost the country $2.75 billion. She estimated that to seat them in a "classroom without walls"—before television screens to be found in the homes of 90 per cent of them, however poor—would cost but a fraction of this sum.



"Cell" from a humorous 10-second spot which capitalizes on youngsters' familiarity with rocket countdowns and the pop-art style employed in *The Yellow Submarine*.

Carnegie President Alan Pifer and Vice President Lloyd Morrisett supported the idea, but the project was too big for Carnegie alone. Mr. Morrisett got together with Edward J. Meade, Jr., of the Ford Foundation, a friendly rival to Carnegie in some of its ideas on public broadcasting. They joined forces on a proposal for action, and the United States Office of Education, under former Commissioner Harold Howe 2d, supplied roughly half of the total budgeted sum of $4,000,000. Carnegie is represented by $1,000,000. With the strong backing of President McGeorge Bundy, Ford has invested $250,000 so far and plans to add another million.

Mrs. Cooney decided that the project's organization had to be divided into four areas. To head up production she brought in David D. Connell, a television professional of long experience who was former executive producer of *Captain Kangaroo*. Lately, Connell has been spending most of his time on animation, which requires considerably



The letter "J" will be taught by the Workshop by means of a 60-second spot which tells a fanciful story full of alliterations to familiarize children with the sound as well as the sight of the letter.

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more lead time than film or video tape and will account for about twenty-five minutes out of each programing hour. The Workshop staff placed their bets early on animation. Tests they have been running since, showing that animation rates higher in interest among children than all live material, have reassured them mightily.

Early in the game, CTW's leadership decided that if the program could not be evaluated properly it was not worth doing at all. To head the research department they hired Dr. Edward L. Palmer, a young professor from Oregon who has made it his business to study how children behave in front of the set. Initially, his staff will test the appeal and interest of the program, and he is working out some ingenious schemes for reading four-year-old minds.

One marvelously simple device is known around the Workshop as "the distractor." A child is seated before a television set watching a program. Off to the side, at right angles to the set, is a rear projection screen on which slides are constantly changing. An observer with a stopwatch records when and how often the child's attention strays to the slide screen. A graph can then be drawn giving the program an overall interest rating and pinpointing the exact scenes in which the child's attention wandered.

About $1,000,000 will go into the research and evaluation effort. Seeing that the program reaches its potential audience in the first place will require a massive information drive, Mrs. Cooney is convinced, and $500,000 is budgeted for that purpose. Through Carl Byoir & Associates, Inc., she brought in Robert A. Hatch, former director of public information for the Peace Corps in Washington, to direct the information and utilization activities.

Administration is the job of Mrs. Cooney and of a former WNDT producer, Robert Davidson, as assistant director of CTW. At Ford, Fred W. Friendly, with whom Mrs. Cooney confers from time to time, gave the Workshop a piece of advice: worry about product. Mrs. Cooney and Davidson, to give the creative staff time to worry exclusively about product, have been worrying about how to deliver it and have been spending half of their time in the past three months traveling about the country persuading stations to accept the program—free—but in what they regard as the optimum time slots.

THE lines between administration, information, research, and production won't be all that hard and fast. Everyone throws ideas on the table at weekly staff meetings. One question the program will help decide is whether television producers and creators can work effectively with a research team in the house and dozens of educational consultants and advisers looking over their shoulders.

Conflicting advice sometimes comes in from the experts. The production department worked out a way of teaching representational words such as "over" and "under" by having them bracketed in the demonstration of a lively little tomboy who acted out the meaning of the two words by alternately jumping over and climbing under a fence. A New York group of consultants objected violently to having the two words taught together. Production took the film to Cambridge, where another group of consultants liked the film unconditionally and said it would be meaningless to teach the words separately. Eventually, the decision was left to Dr. Gerald S. Lesser, chairman of CTW's twelve-man Board of Advisors and Consultants and Bigelow professor of education and developmental psychology at Harvard's Graduate School of Education. He threw his support to the Cambridge group.

From five three-day seminars held last summer, the Workshop has derived a set of educational goals and gained a number of program ideas. There were seventy-five participants from all over the country—teachers, authors, film-makers, perceptual psychologists, artists, professors of education, psychiatrists, advertising men, television producers—a tribute to the power of the idea. Out of these sessions came hundreds of specific suggestions such as: stay away from personifications of letters and numerals; gear the program more for boys than girls—boys don't like girls' activities but the reverse is not true; teach upper- and lower-case letters, but don't say "upper case" and "lower case," say "capital" and "small"; children expect a high degree of professionalism in their television; the four-year-old immediately discards most information.

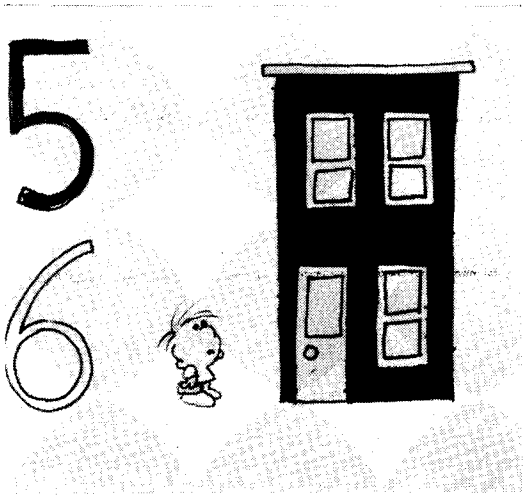
General instructional goals fell into three main categories: 1) symbolic representation of letters, numbers, and geometrical forms (an early film made by the Workshop called *Round Things* is a three-minute montage of thumbtacks, manhole covers, traffic lights, and kids blowing bubble gum); 2) problem-solving and reasoning; and 3) familiarity with the physical and social environment.

Mr. Pifer, who has two sons in the program's target age group, said that judging by his own family experience, children respond especially to television advertisements that feature something parents have to buy. He believes the program will have to be noisy and very fast-moving, at the risk of criticism in some quarters, and that it must copy some of the techniques of successful commercial shows.

The big challenge facing the project, according to Pifer, is threefold: 1) it is a new program that must set high standards for children's television; 2) it must really teach the preschool child without in any way seeming to; and 3) it must help the disadvantaged child get a good start. Pifer is pretty sure the program can reach two of these goals. Whether it can accomplish all three, especially the last in combination with the other two, is the big question—a $1,000,000 question for Carnegie.

PROGRAM format and content are still to be determined. The J-spot passed its first test. Hundreds of other tests are to come, and in the meantime the staff is poring over all the evidence they can bring in. At a staff meeting in January a tape recorder the size of a shoe box stood at one end of the long conference room table playing, slightly off speed, the piping, eager voice of a precocious four-year-old boy recounting an episode of *Batman*. His headlong account omitted not the tiniest plot point and whenever he seemed to be running down, he would throw in a conjunction such as "and" and be off again.

The professional staff, twenty adults, sat absolutely entranced at the display of verbal skill, narrative talent, and apparently total recall. When it was over, and the machine was silenced, Joan Cooney, who presides at these meetings, said almost with a sigh: "TV has become the new reality. Kids know more about what is going on in *Batman* than they know about what is going on in their own homes." And that is precisely the point of departure for her new Children's Television Workshop, which she hopes will have as many watchers among 12,000,000 children as Batman and Robin have.



A 30-second spot, produced by the Ken Snyder organization for the Children's Television Workshop, employs a take-off on the familiar "One, two button my shoe" and stars a young man with an eraser. This "cell" carries the narration "Five, six, rub out the bricks."

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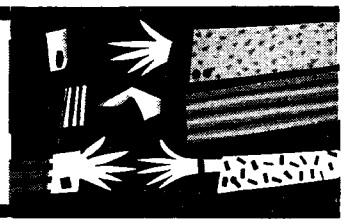
Public Relations



The Difficult Years

THE next four years are bound to be difficult for big business. President Nixon and the public have made it clear that they expect business to accept additional obligations in the community. The failure to deliver on these expectations can be harmful to the entire profit system.

For some time relations between business and government have been unusually good. The days when President Roosevelt won again and again with attacks on "economic royalists" are now a faint memory, and nothing in recent years recalls President Truman's 1948 election victory, when he made business the whipping boy. President Eisenhower was friendly to business; President Kennedy did not oppose the system (although he found it difficult to develop a rapport with its leaders), and no President in recent times had the welcome rug for big business more widely spread on the White House stoop than President Johnson.

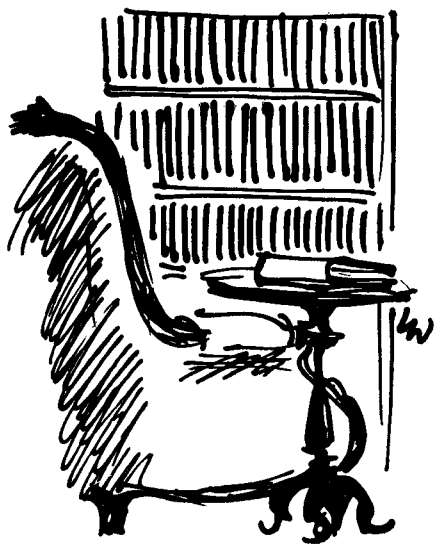
But the situation is quite different now. President Nixon stressed in his campaign that business would have to be more deeply involved than ever before in helping to solve the nation's domestic problems. He made it absolutely clear that he not only expected business to hire and train the unskilled and "upgrade the skills of those at the bottom of the employment ladder," but to do so at less cost than previous programs.

Although a fine start has been made through the National Alliance of Businessmen in hiring and training the hard-core unemployed, it is not going to be easy for business to deliver on the President's and the public's expectations. And while President Johnson recruited business organizations to perform this task, at no time did he stress business's ability to perform as heavily as Nixon did in his campaign.

No sooner was the campaign over than critics of business cried out that business could not possibly do the job Mr. Nixon expected; that there was a basic and insoluble conflict between business's need to make a profit and its acceptance of social responsibilities. Only a few days after the votes were counted, one government official—who is probably the highest paid worker in the poverty field—said bluntly that business "can't do the job," although his own programs and operations are, to put it gently, not quite a roaring success. What critics of business involvement in urban problems fail to accept—and this does not include only those who have a vested interest in the continuation of present poverty programs unreformed—is that there is no such long-term conflict between maximizing profit and meeting social obligations. Wise managers of large corporations have long realized that to earn any profit at all one must gain public acceptance by acting in the public interest.

Business cannot function, let alone make a profit, in a period of instability. Therefore, it is obviously in the interest of business to help to remove the causes of riot and work toward developing domestic and foreign tranquility, for without both, the chance of profitable operation becomes slim. What is in the general national interest is certainly in the interest of the stockholders who provide the capital for business expansion. The very fact that American capitalism has been able to survive proves its ability to adjust to a changing society. Had it not been able to do so, we would not have a mixed economy with an important and vigorous private sector.

Ten days before President Nixon's Inauguration, the National Alliance of Businessmen presented its report to President Johnson—a more concrete answer to the doubters that business can perform under pressure in new fields. The goal set of 100,000 jobs for hard-core unemployed by next June 30 has already been exceeded by more than 25,000. The Alliance has also set a new objective of 200,000 additional jobs for the disadvantaged during the fiscal year beginning July 1. It seems evident that the pledge this organization made to President Johnson to have 500,000 hard-core unemployed in jobs by June 30, 1971, will be honored.



Encouraging as these figures are, business activity cannot stop at training the bottom rung of the unemployed. In fact, there is little in our troubled world that business can keep itself aloof from—housing, racial tension, air and water pollution, and mass transportation. It is hard today to find a large corporation, well run and profitable, that is not assuming some of its obligations, making some real effort to help solve the problems that plague the cities. Recently, when James M. Roche, chairman of the board of General Motors, reported that his company had hired more than 21,700 hard-core unemployed in eight months, he made some additional important points. "The disadvantaged must have incentives to contribute their own best efforts," he said. "These incentives to the deprived include employment opportunities, education and training, proper housing, and proper guidance, to enable them to become productive members of our society." Business is finding that to be involved with one aspect of the problem simply means becoming involved in a whole related complex of others.

For those who wonder just how effective business will be in meeting the goals that will be set by President Nixon, it is well to recall that other segments of society have not covered themselves with particular glory during these years of racial strife. Witness Dr. Kenneth B. Clark's remarks made several months ago in an interview with *Nation's Business*. At that time he said:

> Business and industry are our last hope. They are the most realistic elements of our society. Other areas in our society—government, education, churches, labor—have defaulted in dealing with Negro problems. It is now up to business. Other elements can lose in terms of guilt or conscience. But business has profits to lose also. It has efficiency to lose, economy, and of course, it has tremendous investments it can lose unless there is lasting racial peace.

The next four years are not going to be easy for big business. How corporations perform during that period, the contributions they make to a stable and healthy society, will do more for the survival of the profit system than battalions of press agents.

—L. L. L. GOLDEN.

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Editorial

Continued from page 16

proliferation treaty and its full implementation. They also called for a prompt beginning of U.S.-U.S.S.R. talks on the limitation of strategic offensive and defensive weapons.

On the Middle East, the Soviet delegates felt the chances for a durable peace depended in large part on the United States and the Soviet Union acting jointly to help maintain stability in the area. The participants in the Conference recognized that urgent measures should be taken to implement the U.N. Security Council resolutions dealing with the Arab-Israeli conflict, which constitute the basis for a just settlement, taking into account the interests of all the countries of that area.

Comments by the Soviet conferees on the Vietnam war were free of acrimonious rhetoric. The feeling seemed to be that nothing should be done to becloud the atmosphere now that the full Paris negotiations were getting under way.

As might be imagined, the American participants made known their strongly critical views on the action against Czechoslovakia, especially in private, person-to-person conversations. There were spirited rejoinders from the Soviet side.

In general, an American at the meeting had the impression that, to the extent the Soviet delegates reflected the official position, a wide area for fruitful talks between the two governments may now be opening up—assuming, of course, a continued easing of the Vietnam war. There appeared to be considerable flexibility on some issues, as on the Middle East and the arms race, but a hardened stand on other issues, particularly on the developing military strength of West Germany. There was genuine eagerness to clear away existing roadblocks in the way of substantial trade between the two countries. In sum, the tone was good and seemed to augur well for comprehensive official talks, if President Richard M. Nixon should wish to pursue them.

There were some extra dividends for the conference. Dr. Nikolai Blokhin, one of the leading cancer research specialists in the Soviet Union, reported on new laboratory findings in his field. He said that poor nutrition was a far greater factor in causing cancer than was generally realized—and that most ideas of what constituted good nutrition were in need of updating. He said that Soviet research proved that the incidence of lung cancer in non-smokers was directly traceable to the inhalation of cigarette smoke from others. He told of the time bomb ticking away in the lungs of children as the result of repeated exposure to smoking parents.

On the American side, Buckminster Fuller introduced his dymaxion map, which revises conventional theories of north and south, east and west, up and down. Bucky, as he was affectionately known to the group, put his large map on the floor and gave us the sensation of being in a spaceship and seeing the earth whole.

THE conferees went to dinner receptions at the homes of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Lombard and Mr. and Mrs. David Rockefeller. Mr. Lombard is president of the Kettering Foundation, which this year joined the Ford Foundation and Johnson Foundation as sponsor of the conference. A feature of the evening at Mr. Rockefeller's home in Tarrytown was concert entertainment provided by talented music students from the International House in New York.

After the Conference, most of the Russians stayed for a week in New York City, where they took in some Broadway plays and concerts at Lincoln Center. Other Russians went on to California where they saw the art collection of Mr. Norton Simon, one of the conferees. Through UCLA Vice Chancellor Dr. Rosemary Park and Dr. Franklin Murphy, former chancellor of UCLA and now chairman of the board of the Los Angeles *Times-Mirror* Publishing Company, the Russians met a number of Californians who were prominent in education, communications, and the arts. Both Dr. Park and Dr. Murphy were Conference participants.

What did the fifth Dartmouth Conference accomplish? Very little, if measured by the ability of the participants on either side to change the minds of the others on basic issues. But such was not the purpose of the conference. The purpose was to obtain the fullest possible view of the respective positions of the two countries in order to avoid misunderstandings, misassessments, or miscalculations. Also, it was hoped that reducing the dangers produced by faulty appraisals might lead to mutual efforts in behalf of a less troubled world. In this sense, the meetings have been reasonably fruitful. It is too early to talk about a sixth meeting. We are hopeful that the Soviet Committee, whose turn it is to do the inviting, will want to have another round. If so, an affirmative response is virtually certain. —N.C.

Participants, Fifth Dartmouth Conference

TAKING PART in the Rye Conference from the Soviet side were: Nikolai Blokhin, director of the Institute of Oncology, president of the International Association of Cancer Specialists, president of the Institute for Soviet-American Relations, Deputy to Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. (Soviet Co-Chairman); Yuri Zhukov, *Pravda* political commentator, deputy to Supreme Soviet; (Soviet Co-Chairman); Yuri Arbatov, director of the Institute of American Studies of the U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences; Igor Belayev, Asia and Africa specialist for *Pravda*; Yuri Bobrakov, chief of Department of Economy, Institute of American Studies; Anna Boikova, deputy mayor of Leningrad, Deputy to the Supreme Soviet of the Russian Federation; Konstantin Bochkarev, major general, master of sciences (philosophy), author; Viktor Karpov, senior research associate, Institute of American Studies; Daniel Kraminov, editor-in-chief of *Za Rubezhom* ("Life Abroad") weekly, secretary of the Union of Soviet Journalists; Igor Blischenko, professor, Chair of International Law, Institute of Foreign Affairs; Nikolai Mostovets, historian, member of Scientific Board, Institute of International Labor Movement; Boris Polevoi, author, editor-in-chief of *Youth* magazine, deputy chairman, Soviet Peace Fund; Vladimir Trukhanovsky, corresponding member of U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences, editor-in-chief, *Voprosi Istorii* ("Questions of History") magazine; Nikolai Orlov, director, Scientific Research Institute, U.S.S.R. Ministry of Foreign Trade.

American participants attending two or more sessions were: Norman Cousins, editor, *Saturday Review*, (American co-chairman); Arthur Larson, director of the World Rule of Law Research Center, Duke University (American co-chairman); Merle Fainsod, director, Harvard University Library; R. Buckminster Fuller, professor, Southern Illinois University; James M. Gavin, chairman of the board, Arthur D. Little, Inc; Patricia R. Harris, Professor of Law, Howard University; George Kistiakowsky, professor of chemistry, Harvard University; James Linen, chief executive officer, Time-Life, Inc.; Arthur Miller, playwright; Dr. Franklin D. Murphy, chairman of the board, Los Angeles *Times-Mirror*; Glenn Olds, educator, campaign advisor to President Nixon; Leslie Paffrath, president, The Johnson Foundation; Rosemary Park, vice chancellor, University of California at Los Angeles; David Rockefeller, president and chairman of the Executive Committee, Chase Manhattan Bank; Stella Russell, vice president, Norton Simon, Inc.; Norton Simon, director, Norton Simon, Inc.

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Communications Letters

Continued from page 52

miles from Mayville on the north to within six miles of Jamestown on the south. The lake narrows to approximately half a mile in width at midpoint, where a ferry plies between Bemus Point on the eastern shore to Stow across the lake; hence the bag-tied-in-the-middle concept. Although the Chautauqua tent shows now are only a memory, Chautauqua Institution still flourishes each summer.

WILLIAM J. SWANK
Jackson, Mich

THAT'S A FINE article John Tebbel wrote on Chautauqua. It started my nostalgic juices simmering and brought back the recollection of a gracious act by a thoughtful gentleman. When I was a youngster I lived in a small town in Canada. One Chautauqua lecturer was the then-famous explorer Stefannson. One afternoon we clustered around him for his autograph. All the other kids had copies of his books for him to autograph; I didn't—just didn't have any money to buy a book (nor even a full week's ticket). So, timidly, I held out a piece of paper. I can still see the warmness in his eyes as he looked out under his huge, grizzled eyebrows, autographed my sheet of paper, and casually asked my name. A month or so later a very poor youngster received an autographed book in the mail—a kindness that has enriched his thinking over many years. Need I say "Thanks for writing about the Chautauqua."

W. ALEC JORDAN
W. Alec Jordan Associates, Inc.
New York, N.Y.

Obligations Beyond the Sale

L. L. L. GOLDEN'S story about Thomas J. Ross's fifty years in public relations and association with Ivy Lee [PUBLIC RELATIONS, Dec. 14] tinkled a nostalgic bell in this old belfry. It was Ivy Lee in 1906 or 1907 who inspired a tyro adman with this advice (as recalled): A writer of advertisements has an obligation beyond selling the product or service of his client. The client as a member of society, a "neighbor," must not become lost in your promotional endeavor. That was in the press agent era. Public relations has developed, grown big since the beginning years when, holding court, the king heard the petitioners and others make their appeals. Faced with an unusual problem, he would turn and bow his head as if in deep thought . . . actually lending an ear to his counselor seated behind a backdrop curtain. Public relations will move forward only if we hold to the human (good neighbor) line.

LOUIS D'ARMAND
Clearwater Beach, Fla.

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(Continued on page 66)

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(Continued from page 65)

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(Continued on page 68)

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CAMPS

(Continued from page 67)

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By Thomas H. Middleton

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A. Larva of an antlion; divining rod	19 21 59 65 136 158 162 200 26
B. Rudimentary, undeveloped	29 40 49 91 145 150 156 159 174
C. Lessen; destroy (2 wds.)	3 17 22 33 66 114 117
D. Intensely	124 11 34 79 100 144 154
E. Enveloping; *suppressing*	8 44 101 151 165 172 195 69
F. "What would he do, / Had he the motive and the cue for ———— / That I have?" asks Hamlet.	61 88 97 113 135 164 173
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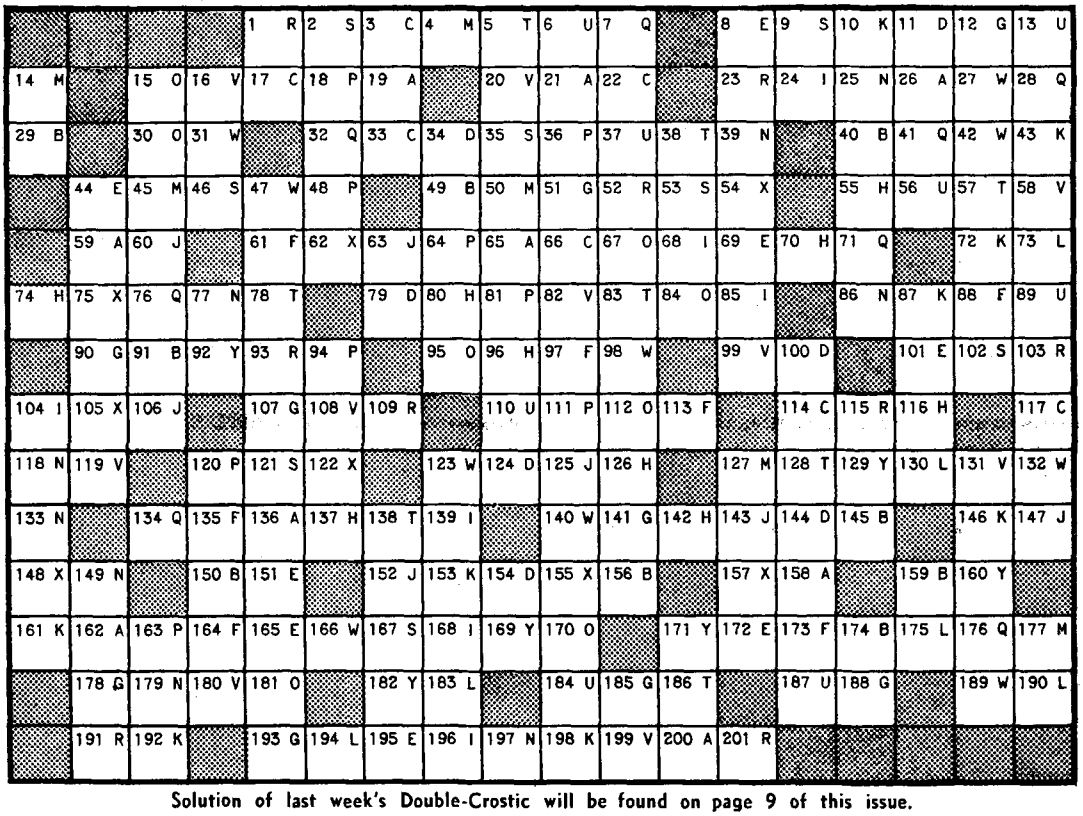
H. Robust quality	80 96 116 55 70 74 126 137 142
I. *Expressing WORD F, for* instance	168 24 68 85 104 139 196
J. Bull session	106 147 152 60 63 125 143
K. Seven of these were used by Joshua (2 wds.)	153 161 72 146 87 192 198 10 43
L. City in Macedonia, also called Vodena	73 130 175 183 190 194

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. "———— made it none," says Horatio of the ghost. *(Hamlet)*	4 14 45 127 177 50
N. Light blond	86 118 133 179 197 25 39 77 149
O. Imaginary, fictitous	95 170 181 84 112 15 30 67
P. Attack	81 94 163 18 36 64 48 111 120
Q. Ties, for instance	28 32 71 76 134 7 41 176
R. Retreat, esp. a military one	103 52 109 93 1 115 201 23 191
S. Spiny, prickly	2 35 121 46 53 102 167 9
T. Child (2 wds.)	186 128 5 78 83 138 57 38
U. A vigorous dance (2 wds.)	37 187 13 89 184 56 6 110
V. Marked by indirection; curving	131 199 108 20 58 180 99 16 82 119
W. Order, command	27 42 140 166 31 123 98 189 132 47
X. Aeneas' father, crippled by Zues	155 105 75 157 148 54 122 62
Y. Other name for Auburn, Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*	169 182 160 171 129 92

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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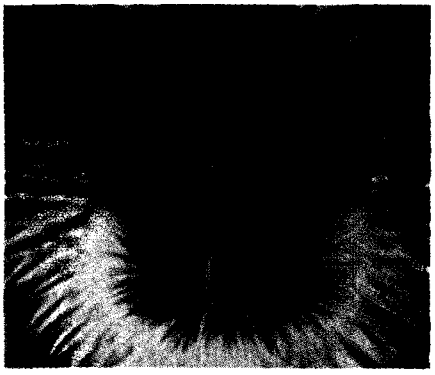

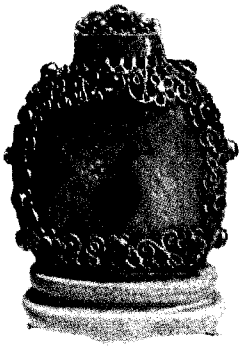

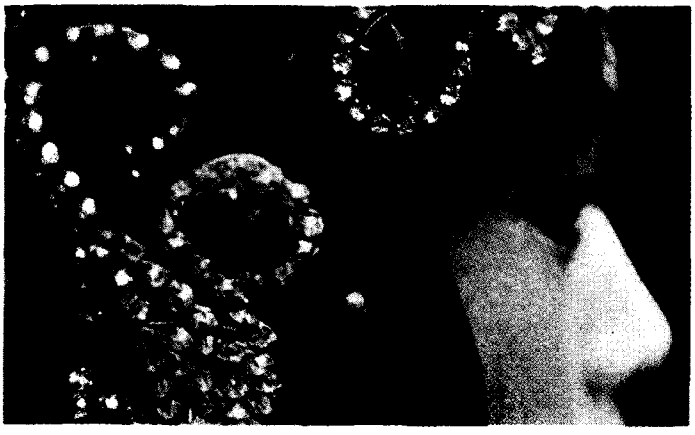

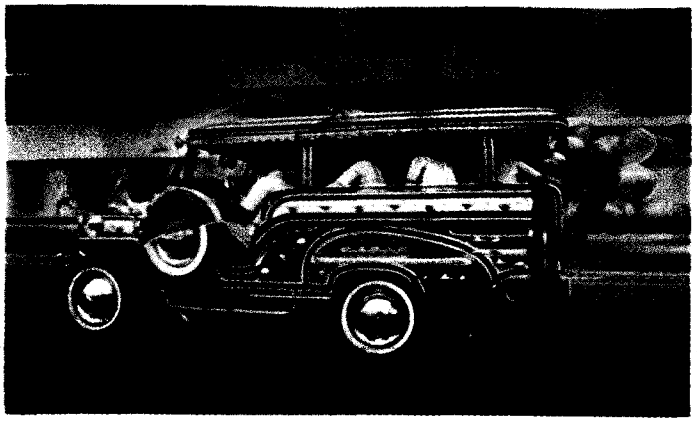

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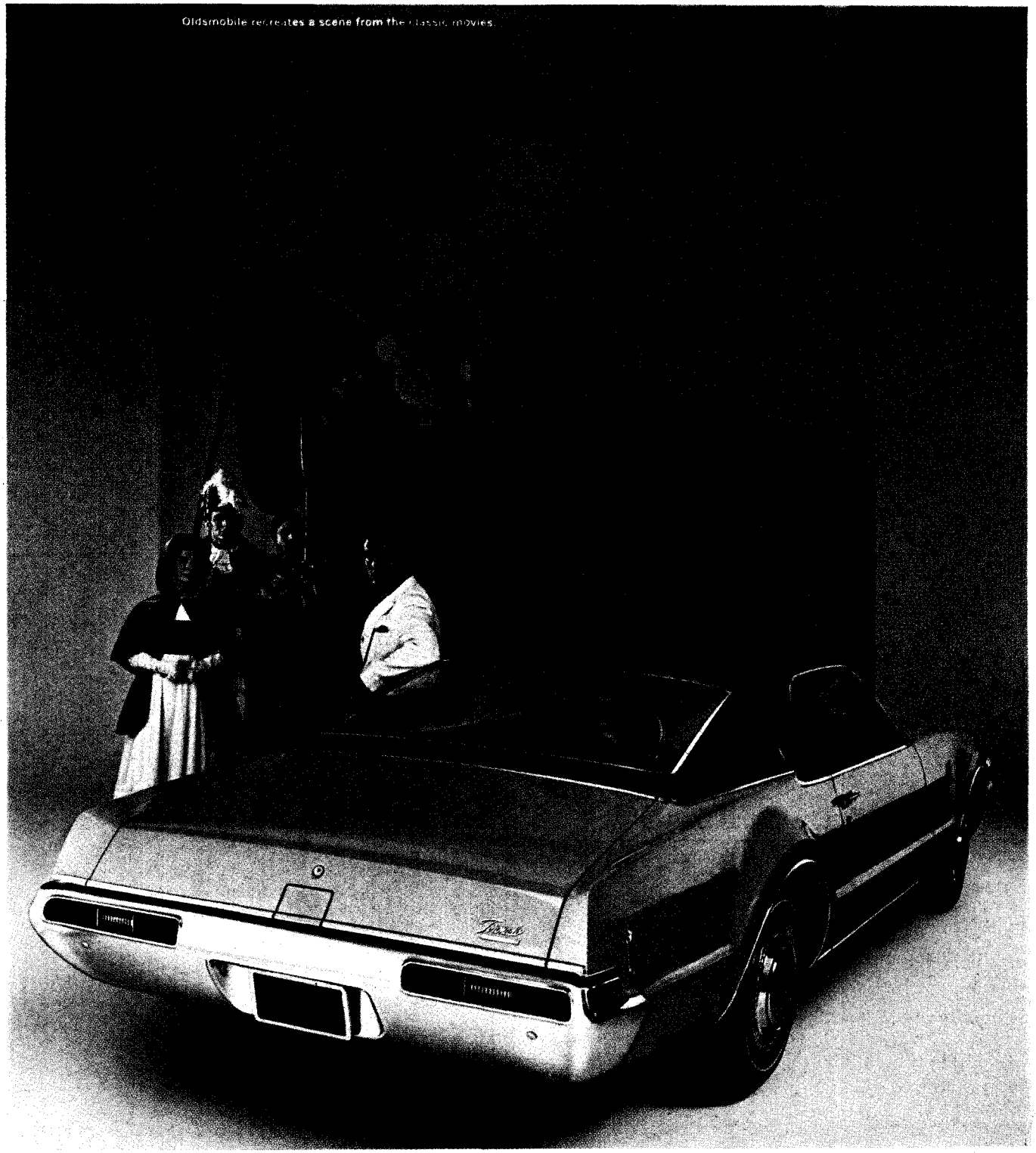

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